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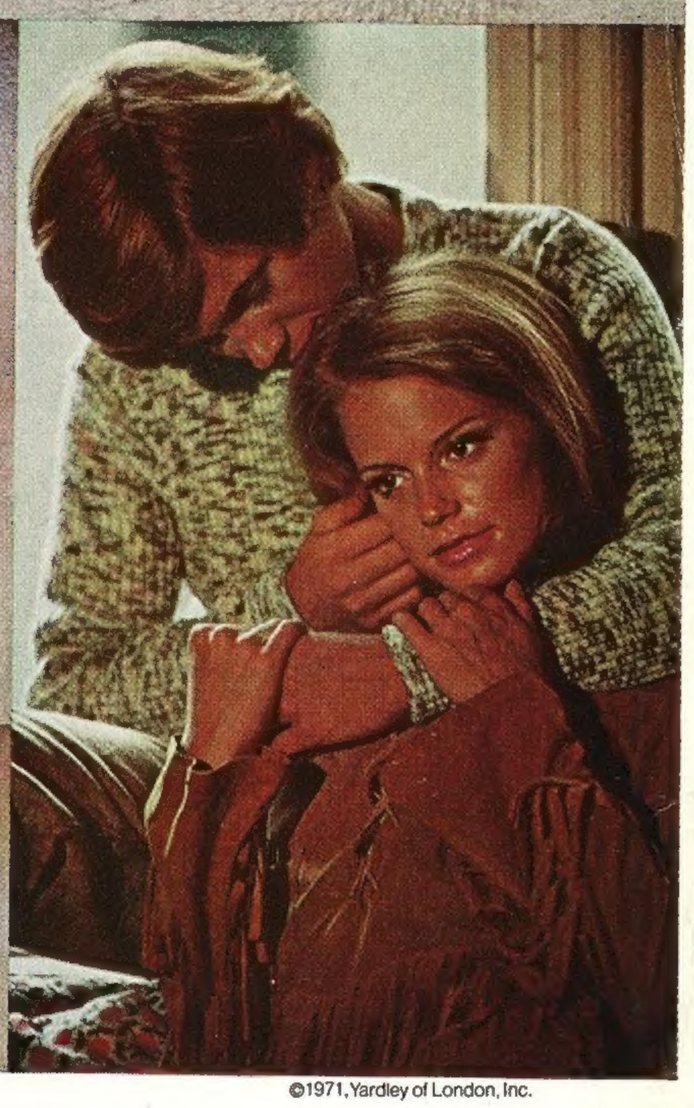












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JANUARY 1, 1972

(INCORPORATING VANITY FAIR)

VOGUE

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AVEDON

COVER: Lauren Hutton and the knit everyone loves, 1972 version—zip up the front, pleats with a swing, 'gator as always. By David Crystal, in turquoise double-knit Dacron; about $46. Altman's; Garfinckel's, Washington, D.C.; Montaldo's; Jordan Marsh, Florida; Kaufmann's; Hudson's; Rike's; Chas. A. Stevens; Dayton's; Harzfeld's; Battelstein's. . . . New color for the mouth in '72 comes from Pink Gold, a Shining Lipstick In-A-Pot from 'Ultima' II by Charles Revson. Ara Gallant coif. Accessories, next to last page.

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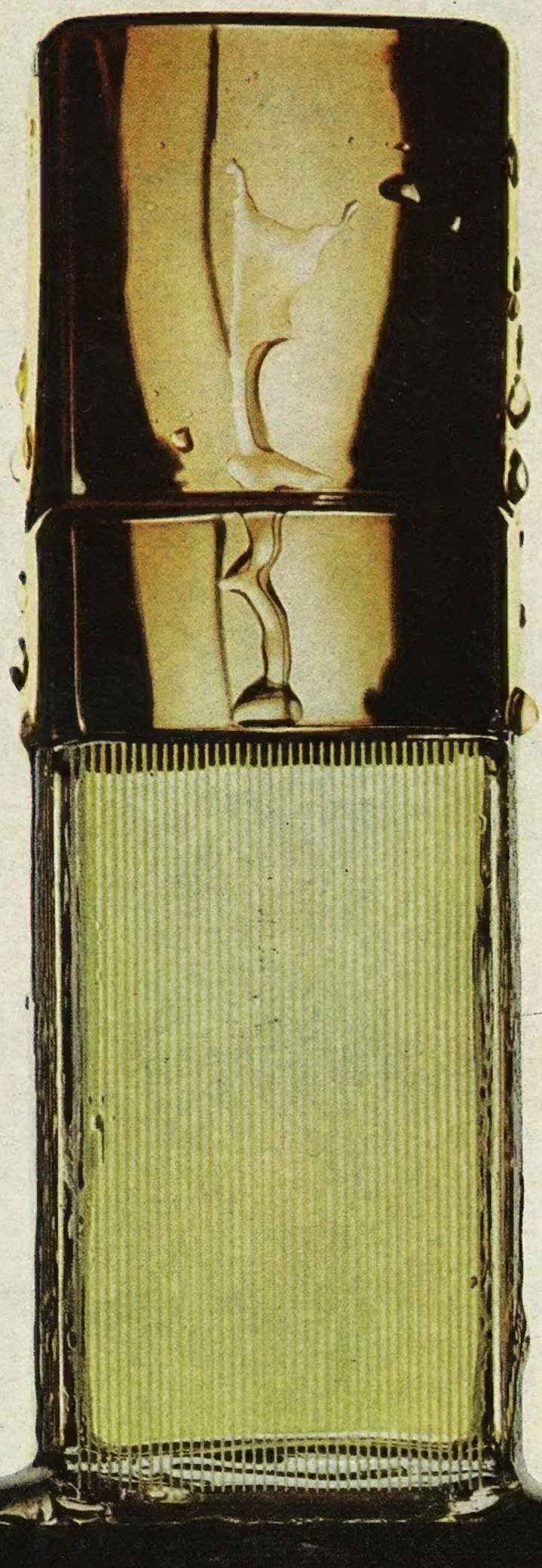
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Pendleton, Ore
The Frances Shop, Inc.
Peoria, Ill . Broms Furs-Fashions
Petersburg, Va Rucker Rosenstock
Philadelphia, Pa . The Blum Store
Phoenix, Ariz . Diamond's
Pikesville, Md . . . . . 1114 Shop
Plainfield, N J. . . . . Tepper's
Pomona, Calif. . . . . .
John P. Evans "The Closet"
Pompano Beach, Fla .
Nancy Packard Gowns
Pontiac, Mich. . . . . .
Bloomfield Fashion Shop
Port Angeles, Wash. . . . . .
Hankin's Fashion Center
Portland, Ore. . . . . Helen's "Of Course"

Portsmouth, Va. . . . . The Famous
Poughkeepsie, N.Y. . . . . Rose Maries
Princeton, N J. . . . . Bellows
Providence, R.I. . . . Lee's Inc
Raleigh, N C. . . . . Ellisberg's
Red Bank, N J . .
Wilhelmina Dobbins, Ltd
Redmond, Wash. . . . . Village Apparel
Reno, Nev. . . . . Menard's; Ltd.
Richmond, Ind. . . . . Palais Royal
Ridgewood, N.J. . . . . Jenny Banta
Ridgway, Pa. . . . . Linnea's of Ridgway
Roanoke, Va. . . . . Horne's
Rochester, Minn. . . . . Massey's
Rochester, N Y The Lita Shop
Rockford, Ill
Edith Parrish Fashion Corner
Rockford, Ill. . . . Phyllis Starr Fashions
Rock Hill, S C. . . . . Marion Davis
Rockingham, N C
Long's of Rockingham, Inc
Rocky Mount, N C Daniel's
Rome, Ga Esserman's
Rome, N Y. . . . . Sam Simpkins Inc.
Roswell, N Mex. . . . . Elizabeth's
Sacramento, Calif . . . . . .
Charlotte Green Apparel
St. Joseph, Mich. . . . . Blake's Inc.
St. Joseph, Mo. . . . . The Paris
St. Paul, Minn. . . . . Frank Murphy
St Petersburg, Fla
Slimers Resort Wear
Salem, Mass Adasko's
Salina, Ks Shelton's
Salinas, Calif. . . . . Vogue Shop
Salisbury, N.C. . . . . .
Purcell's-Richard Dobkin
Salt Lake City, Utah Arthur Frank
San Angelo, Tex Maurice Shop
San Carlos, Calif. . . . . Miss D's
San Diego, Calif. . . . . Gilchrist's
San Diego, Calif. . . . . .
Stan Newcomb Fifth Avenue
San Fernando, Calif. . . . . Scott's
San Francisco, Calif. . . . . Fambrough's
San Leandro, Calif. . . . . .
Shepherd's Fashions
San Luis Obispo, Calif. . . Leonore Smith
San Mateo, Calif. . . . . Levy Bros.
San Rafael, Calif. . . . . Modern Eve
Santa Barbara, Calif . . . Lou Rose
Santa Clara, Calif Marcus
Santa Fe, N Mex La Tienda de Santa Fe
Santa Maria, Calif Lyon Apparel
Santa Monica, Calif. Sandy's Fashions
Santurce, P R. . . . . Elain's
Sarasota, Fla . . . . . Town N' Country
Savannah, Ga. . . . . Fine's
Scranton, Pa Dolitzky
Scottsdale, Ariz . Maryon's
Seaside, Ore Kay Lynn's
Sedro Woolley, Wash. . . . The Duchess
Shadyside, Pa . . . . . Ruth Young
Shaker Heights, Ohio. . . . . Lota Kelly
Sharon, Pa. . . . . Garrick's
Sheridan, Wyo. . . . . Angionettes
Sherman Oaks, Calif. . . . . Charlotte's
Sikeston, Mo. . . . . The Elite Shop
Simsbury, Ct The Calliope
Sioux City, Iowa Jean's
Sioux Falls, S D
Ella S Christensen Inc.
Smithtown, L I . N Y. . . Marie C Heasley
Southern Pines, N C. . . . . Franjean's
South Orange, N J. . . . . Gemini
Spartanburg, S C
The Aug W Smith Co
Spokane, Wash Hannah Kohn
Springdale, Ark Lichlyter's Dept Store
Springfield, Ill S A Barker Co
Spring Lake Heights, N J. . Sea Air Shop
Statesboro, Ga. . . . . Henry's
Staunton, Va Schwarzschild's
Sterling, Ill The Little Gallery
Stockton, Calif Knobby
Streator, Ill Opdycke's
Stroudsburg, Pa Frances Burrows
Studio City, Calif. . . . . Isabelle's
Suffolk, Va. . . . . Russell & Holmes
Summit, N J. . . . . Miss Nellie
Sunbury, Pa . . . . . Rosenblum's
Susanville, Calif . . . Peggy Rose Shop
Swarthmore, Pa. . . . . .
The Park Ave. Shop, Inc.
Syracuse, N Y . . . E. W. Edwards & Son
Tacoma, Wash. . . . . .
Marilyn's Fashion World
Tampa Fla Wolf Brothers
Tarboro, N C W S Clark & Sons, Inc
Terre Haute, Ind Poise "N" Ivy
Thibodaux, La. . . . . Arthur Coplon Ltd.
Toledo, Ohio. . . . . Micki Lane Shop
Topeka, Ks Evelyn Griffin
Topeka, Ks . The Palace
Tucson, Ariz . Cele Peterson
Tupelo, Miss . . Westbrook's
Tuscaloosa, Ala Park Shop
Twin Falls, Idaho The Paris Co
Ukiah, Calif Esther's Shoppe
Union, S C Wilburn Dry Goods Co
Uniontown, Pa Ina's Dress Shoppe
Valdosta, Ga C C Varnedoe & Co
Vashon, Wash. . . . . The Little House
Ventura, Calif. . . . . Scott's Apparel
Vienna, Va . . . . The Full Cry Shop Inc.
Virginia, Minn. . . . . The Quality Shop
Walla Walla, Wash. . . . . Gardner's
Warren, Ohio. . . . . Roberta's
Washington, Pa. . . . . Hal Lewis
Waterloo, Iowa . . . . . Braley's
Watertown, N Y. . . . . Herr's, Inc.
Waterville, Me. . . . . Alvina and Delia
Watsonville, Calif. . . . Towntry Fashions
Wayne, Pa. . . . . Carriage Trade, Inc.
Waynesboro, Va. . Southern Dept. Store
Waynesburg, Pa .
Jo Ann's Village Casuals
Wellesley, Mass The Wool Shop
West Chester, Pa Joel's
Westfield, N J . Jane Smith
Westport, Ct . Kay Walsh
Wichita, Ks . . Henry's
Williamsburg, Va . . . . Casey's
Williamsport, Pa. . . . . Lynn Hayes
Williamsville, N Y. . . . . .
The Village Tartan Shop
Wilmington, Del Finkel's
Wilmington, N C Wonder Shop
Wilson, N C . Lisabeth's
Winchester, Va Modernage Shoppe
Winnetka, Ill . . . . . Lee San
Winnetka, Ill. . . . . Minna Hart
Woodbury, Ct. . . . Jean Hutchinson Inc.
Worcester, Mass. . . . Richard Healy Co.
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Harper's Fashion Shop
Xenia, Ohio. . . . . Singer's of Xenia
Yakima, Wash. . . . . Clothes Tree
Yuma, Ariz. . . . . The Smart Shop
Zanesville, Ohio . . Orpha Flowers Shop

SPOTLIGHT: money

How to MAKE MONEY while RELAXING in the COUNTRY

By Scott Burns

Some people find present pleasure in clipping coupons or in making another deposit at the local savings bank; still others take great joy in the arcane etchings on common-stock certificates. I would rather play tennis or sail. . . . The problem is that these activities usually *consume* money rather than cause its *accumulation*. Simultaneously to make money and to play tennis is an ideal that can be reached by way of a summer house or second home.

Eight years ago one of my friends bought a house on Cape Cod. The house is about eighty years old, is uninsulated, unheated, and filled with antique plumbing. The third-floor dormer makes the entire structure resemble a wooden cyclops. He bought the house for $14,000. Three years ago it was worth $28,000; this year around $35,000. He painted the house this summer, but he has used other summers entirely for the pleasure of his family. Last week he asked me what he should do with his investments. I suggested that he work on improving his backhand.

The fact is that his summer house has outperformed all the other investment media over the last eight years. Even if we assume that he purchased the house for cash, thus sacrificing the leverage of a mortgage (the same amount of appreciation while investing less of his own money), the increase in value over the period works out to an annual compound return of 12 percent. Few professional investment managers could claim such results.

Another family recently bought a condominium ski house at Sugarbush, Vermont; Isabella and Dick gloat a little over the fact that renting the house for two weeks during the winter will recoup the costs of operation and taxes. When I asked if they liked the idea of giving up the two weeks, they told me it was so crowded they wouldn't go there anyway. They would let others fight for the lifts.

Second home construction has risen steadily in spite of the recession and grotesque interest rates; they now amount to about 10 percent of all new housing starts. A typical second home will cost about 10 percent of its purchase price to support each year. For instance, a $25,000 second home will cost about $2,500 a year to support, less than the 12.5 to 13.5 percent it cost to support a $25,000 first home.

Second homes are used less often and, hence, have lower utility bills. Taxes are lower in resort areas because the demand for services is seasonal and the resident school-age population is very small in relation to the total amount of property to be assessed for taxes.

Can the price rise continue? The four-day work week, as it gathers momentum, will surely reorient the leisure patterns of many; and the certainty that both our urban and suburban environments will get worse before they get better . . . if they get better at all . . . has revived Arcadian dreams.

Between now and 1980 we are going to be a Nation of Nest Builders. Now, there are twenty-five million people between the ages of twenty-five and thirty-four; by 1980 there will be thirty-seven million. Also, it will be easier to acquire a second home. Mortgages will be for twenty-five years instead of ten or fifteen, and down payments will be for 20 or 25 percent instead of 33 or 40 percent. Even the Federal Housing Administration can now guarantee second-home loans.

While the total cash costs of operating a second home are likely to be 10.5 percent, amortization reduces the amount that must be recovered through appreciation to 9.25 percent, a figure that is not at all unreasonable. Tax savings resulting from deductible interest and real-estate tax payments are another benefit. Finally, of course, there is the benefit that can't really be measured: the value of leisure and escape. In effect, a second home can be a savings account. ▼

KASPER FOR JOAN LESLIE



Lillie Rubin

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'Just a few weeks ago, I introduced a revolutionary skincare collection, based on 100% fat-free skim milk. Never, to my knowledge, have so many women taken to a new skincare concept so quickly. I believe I have tapped a great new natural resource for beauty.'

—Charles Revson

New

Skim Milk Natural/Organic Skincare

Now your skin can drink in all the benefits of pure, sweet milk—*and none of the fat, which can literally be a drag on your complexion.* There are 7 first-ever preparations, all with 100% fat-free skim milk, rich with organic protein:

FOR NORMAL TO DRY SKIN:

Skim Milk Lotion Cleanser. A natural, gentle, non-detergent face bath that thoroughly washes away makeup and dirt.

Skim Milk Lotion Toner. A calming pore-tightening face rinse that helps give smoother, finer texture.

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Skim Milk Liquid Facial Soap. A pure, oil-cutting facewash that purges away makeup and pollutants.

Skim Milk Astringent Toner. A clarifying, oil-blotting face tonic that helps refine and tighten pores.

FOR ALL SKINTYPES:

Skim Milk Refining Mask. A gentle wash-off facial mask that lifts away impurities and re-textures skin—in just seven minutes.

AND THERE ARE TWO LUSCIOUS BALMS LACED WITH NATURE'S OWN MOISTURIZER —PURE, NATURAL 'CLOVER HONEY':

Skim Milk Under-Makeup Moisturizer. A greaseless milky moisturizer fortified with natural honey to retain moisture and 'plump out' dry lines.

Skim Milk Body Moisturizer. An enriched milk-and-honey body balm to 'supple' your skin with moisture.

'Ultima' II—Charles Revson

SPOTLIGHT: *books* by *Alfred Kazin*

Updike—"the most amazing prodigy and performer we have"
Oates—"psychic fanaticism, inner violence, extremism in the head"

JOHN UPDIKE, JOYCE CAROL OATES WRITE SECRETS OF AMERICAN LIFE

UPDIKE: RABBIT REDUX

In Rabbit Redux (Alfred A. Knopf) John Updike brings back the vivid, oversize, mysteriously touching Harry Angstrom. At the end of Rabbit, Run Harry ran away from his always mopey wife Janice, who while drunk had accidentally drowned their baby, and from the unfathomable, insatiable domesticity that was still uncriticizable during the "tranquillized Fifties," as Robert Lowell calls them.

Rabbit Redux opens on the day in 1969 that saw the first manned American flight to the moon, "leaving the rest of us here." Harry, no longer rabbity-looking or a whiz basketball player, is at thirty-six a badly aging printer whose mother is dying in agonizing slow motion of Parkinson's disease, whose wife (they were reconciled between books) leaves him and their thirteen-year-old son for a Greek car salesman in town. Harry, a decaying man in an American city typically running down, is proud to support the Vietnam war when everybody else sees no purpose to it, but suddenly finds himself sharing his house with Jill, a brilliant wild young hippie girl of good family, and her sometime lover and drug supplier, Skeeter, a young Black Vietnam veteran who has jumped bail.

Harry Angstrom was once too young and is now mysteriously too old. His wife Janice was once painfully confused all the time and is now a tough-talking consumer of sexual "satisfaction." Everything around Harry has changed, is changing, under the immeasurable forces pulling us away from our accustomed connections.

Updike, amazingly because he is consistently brilliant in his ability from book to book to express the dizzying motion and psychic shock of American life, matches perfectly here the unreality of the moon landings with the falling apart of so many standstill people and habits in American life. Yet no one else has found so easy and right a language for the naturalness and openness of sex in American life just now, for the necessary but complicating conveniences like automobiles, tab-openers on beer cans, frozen foods, television. Updike is, as ever, the most amazing prodigy and performer we have in our fiction, the Mozart of our technological culture, quicker than anyone else at presenting unexpected relationships between human feelings and the society that leadenly socks us every time we walk up a city street now and catch the fullness of chaos. Yet he is always melodious of style, easy at singing the most complex equations in our heads. His own mind, as always, is stolid, neutral, noncommital. Updike is the professional observer par excellence.

What is great in Rabbit Redux is Harry Angstrom as the American Job. Harry is a great believer in spite of a wife who talks sexual insults, a disoriented son with girl-length hair, a hopped-up mistress, and a Black militant in the house who is the professional enemy of all Harry Angstroms. At the end, Harry loses his job and has his house burned down by whites who resent his even having a Black in the house. Harry is just a dumb old man of faith, not least in "God," that favorite Updike character. (And Harry is just about Updike's own age.) But after Janice has returned to him, the book, unlike Rabbit, Run, ends as a worked-out argument about Harry's patient virtue. And too many of the subsidiary characters are just types of our day. Updike is brilliant to a fault. ▼

OATES: WONDERLAND

The title of Joyce Carol Oates's Wonderland (The Vanguard Press) refers to the constant amazement that is our inner life, the unfathomably insistent human soul. Jesse Harte, the son of an embittered gas-station owner in western New York who has failed at everything and dreads the coming birth of still another child, is taken home from school one day by his father to discover that his father has shot dead everyone in the family and now plans to kill him. Jesse escapes with a shoulder wound and a lasting fear of again losing everyone he loves. He grows up with one adopted name after another, finally becomes a husband, a famous surgeon, a father, but destroys a beloved daughter by his inability to detach himself.

It is typical of Miss Oates's totally unselfconscious practice of fiction that she implausibly has Jesse keeping his tragic childhood from everyone. And it is typical of her force as a novelist that she reconstructs his entire life as an obsession around it. Miss Oates is a novelist so concerned with psychic fanaticism, inner violence, extremism in the head, that she doesn't think of making Jesse "believable"; she just wants to invest him with the totally unchanged quality, the brutal reality of an obsession, that is life to him.

Joyce Carol Oates is like no one else writing fiction in America today. She works entirely from the inside out; and her regular subject is so much the insidedness, the "wonderland" that is the tidal sea of thoughts, fancies, memories, obsessions within us, that she is able to make her book fascinating without ever making it real. Jesse is too much the hopeless, helpless "survivor" throughout the book. His final action, taking his daughter out on Lake Ontario in a little boat to be utterly alone with her when she is already at the point of death, is consistent with the melodrama of longing in Jesse's mind—but with nothing else, least of all the instincts of a famous physician.

Miss Oates has the rough strength of an old-fashioned realist; and the documentation of the ragged small-town life in western New York, of a big city hospital makes you think of Dreiser. But what keeps Wonderland from being satisfactory is the astonishing fact that with all she knows of "real life," Miss Oates sees people as utterly and invincibly alone. She knows their insides, their obsessions, their fixities. She does not understand the natural ground, the unforced actualities, where people just meet, love, talk, relate—outside the jungle of their private minds. ▼



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This special SKIN-CARE COLLECTION contains my three unique preparations... Irma Shorell's CONTOUR/35, MOISTURE/35 and FORMULA for CLEANSING in an alligator-like luxury cosmetic case. Perfect for home or travel . . . reg. $35.00 and now only $17.50.

Containing NO HORMONES or STEROIDS, CONTOUR/35 used nightly has been remarkably beneficial in restoring a vibrant, youthful appearance for many of the world's most famous and attractive women . . . notables of Stage, Screen, International and Diplomatic Set. In the short space of 21 days their contours appeared tightened, face and neck firmed, color and tone looked dramatically improved and fine dryness lines seemed erased.

Order today — supply is limited.

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GODCHAUX'S	New Orleans	LIVINGSTON'S	San Francisco
JORDAN MARSH	Florida	NORDSTROM BEST	All Stores

Ready beauty

faces waxing smoother

Birds (the London kind) do it, bees do it, even educated beauties do it—when they're educated in the art of making their faces smoother. We're talking about waxing, a process that removes every trace of facial hair, gives chin and cheeks the cleanest contours. The idea started millennia ago: Cleopatra was one of the founders, ancient Arab ladies considered it a must, Geisha girls made it a ritual—waxing their faces to get the flawless base for their white makeup. Waxing is still going strong, now is simplified and can be done at a salon or at home. A couple of extra-smooth ladies we know gave us some details. . . . "I had a heavy fuzz," said one, "so I started a few months ago with Ursula Thompkins (a waxing-pro whose salon is at 120 E. 89th Street, N.Y.C.). She does me every two weeks—under the chin, ear to ear. Also accents my widow's peak by waxing into the hairline, and sometimes we wax the nape of my neck to give me a tidier chignon. . . . From the other waxée, "I do it myself, one a week without fail—have been for about fifteen years. I use Zip, afterwards I splash on Arden's Velva-Smooth and ice-cold water. Then a moisturizer—usually Almay Deep Mist. Takes about ten minutes altogether. You must rub the wax on in both directions—crossways, also up and down. This is important." Both ladies claim that waxing has inhibited the regrowth of unwanted hair; at least a third of it, they say, has not reappeared. And both have enviable complexions. Real waxed dolls. . . .

those colorful English

Reserved? Rubbish—not these English. Give them a hand, and they'll paint its nails in sparkly sequins. Give them a face, and they'll gloss it in an unlikely but marvelous color, or decorate it with gypsy designs. All part of the brilliance of Mary Quant and Biba, two young Englishwomen who just can't sit still when it comes to new ideas, and these latest—big in England—are being pounced on here too. *Quant nail polish,* for instance, comes in funky colors, with or without tiny sequins that float around, go on at random, look great (Mary wears a different color on each nail). Other new Quant-ities: her Pot line of colors that can be eye makeup or lipstick, her face-designing colors that look like a box of crayons. *From Biba,* who's coming out of her somber period, rip-roar colors for her new highlighting face gloss, eye shadow, lipsticks, nail polish—all in royal blue, magenta, deep green. Exciting effects possible, topped perhaps with her gold-dust powder.

honey and herbs—making good

Making good skin, actually—now that they're put into action in two new beauty products from those nature-lovers, the Revlon people. Honey, they tell us, attracts moisture in the skin, guards it, fortifies it. Is a natural, then, for a hand-and-body lotion, combined with more of nature's benefits: silicone (that shields the skin's surface from undesirable elements like water and detergent), peach-kernel oil, milk protein, and a nice bouquet of soothing organic herbs. Together, they come out as Natural Honey Dry-Skin Relief Moisture Lotion. Herbs get star-billing in Revlon's news for the face—Natural Herb Creamgel Cleanser, a big delicious jarful that looks like sea-green pudding and contains—besides herbs—proteins and natural oils. This deep-cleans, melts away makeup—even mascara—and revives skin from dryness and damage. These, both hypo-allergenic, and could be welcome refreshments for midwinter skin.

From our Marco Island Collection...

What a way to arrive. In a costume that looks as fresh as the tropical foliage at your destination—the beautiful, new **MARCO BEACH HOTEL AND VILLAS.** A crested blazer over a separates-look dress with ascot tie. Uncrushable in vanilla/black/gold polyester, 8 to 16 sizes, 85.00*

Marco Island, in the Gulf of Mexico, is just two hours by car or 20 minutes by air from Miami. And **EASTERN AIRLINES** has more service to Miami, from more cities, than any other airline.

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Fifth Avenue and branches across the country.





Sea. Sky. Sails. Where the Calusa Indians once paddled their canoes. Off the surf-lapped shores of Marco Island. Now the setting of the many-balconied **MARCO BEACH HOTEL.** Imagine yourself breathing the purest air, breezing across the clearest water, and looking marvelous in a cool cotton swimsuit. Surf Club® created it just for us and for our Marco Island Collection. Nautical navy and white, 8 to 16 sizes, 26.00*
The long cover in white cotton terry, blazer-banded in more nautical navy, S-M-L sizes, 28.00*

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So near. And yet a whole world away. You're close to nature when you stay at the **MARCO BEACH HOTEL.** Sea gulls and sandpipers share the shell-studded beach with you. Bald eagles circle overhead. Scarlet ibis, snowy egrets, blue heron and roseate spoonbills wade in mangroves nearby. You feel very much a part of it all in an anchors-aweigh tailored shirt of navy/white woven acetate, for 16.00*; and a crisp white skirt of TREVIRA® polyester knit, action-pleated in front, belted in tri-color, for 22.00* Both in sizes 8 to 16.

Peck & Peck

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From the sun-downer portion of our Marco Island Collection—something soft and fluid. And sprinkled with field flowers to let you bring nature indoors. The ankle-length BAN-LON® dress, in pink/green/mauve nylon, 8 to 16 sizes, for 64.00* The setting, balcony-high in the vaulted, oceanward entrance to the **MARCO BEACH HOTEL.**

When the last flaming sunset has been seen, and it's time to be homeward bound from the Miami gateway, **EASTERN AIRLINES** supplies the service and attention you'll want. The kind that can make even our favorite island's game fishermen unaware of the pain of departure.

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Makes your hair soft and shining in 60 seconds.

Wella Gentle Care Instant Hair Conditioner. It's fast. Fabulous. It smooths, shines, adds body. Makes your hair look and feel healthy. In one minute. Get regular Gentle Care in the blue box, or with extra body for fine hair in the pink box.

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WELLA

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(*Advertisement*)

Medical Journal Article Debunks The Myth About Facial Hair Regrowth

Now no woman need hesitate to remove unsightly facial hair

If you're faced with a hairy problem, you've probably considered enlisting the aid of a good depilatory. Its advantages make it the most convenient, effective, safe way to get rid of unwanted facial hair. None of the painful, possibly scarring, expensive semi-surgical procedure of electrolysis. Or the unfeminine stigma, nicking, and telltale stubble of odious shaving. Or the half-hearted attempts of a bleach that merely tries to cover up the hair you know is still really there.

What then has stopped you from enjoying the liberating benefits of a depilatory? Has it been the widely-shared fear that, once your hair is removed, it may grow back hairier than ever? Forget it—that's all hokum, heresay, and just plain not true! Another old wives' tale that shouldn't deter you any longer from regaining a clear, smooth upper lip. Debunked once and for all by the consensus of modern scientific opinion expressed in a leading medical journal.*

It was on the basis of these findings—which too long have gone undisclosed to the very women who could most profit from them, that Andrea decided to develop a new kind of beauty cream especially for the upper lip, and other delicate areas of a woman's face that may require tender care for unwanted hair. The result is *Visage Clair* cream hair remover for the face—scientifically formulated to melt away excess facial hair smoothly and surely, without stimulating heavy regrowth. Backed by the reassuring guarantee that your hair won't come back either faster, coarser, thicker or darker—or your money back from the Andrea cosmetics people.

Visage Clair is gentle and fragrant as a beauty cream should be—without any offensive medicinal odor—yet so effective in removing hair below the skin surface, there's never a sign of stubble. Regrowth is actually softer, growing-in time longer. And *Visage Clair* does more than just take it off—it provides a total facial treatment for unsightly hair. With every purchase, you get an accessory tube of *Skin-Soothing Conditioner*—to help protect against irritation, as it moisturizes your skin to a more clearly beautiful face. Small wonder that 48 out of 50 women preferred *Visage Clair* when tested against two other leading brands.*

Available at leading drug and cosmetics counters. Or send $3.50 with your name and address to: Andrea Hair, P.O. Box 555, Ryder Street Station, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11234. Money-Back Guarantee.

***Data supplied upon request**

Ready Beauty

Strapping good looks

One of the most apologetic sights around is the un-smooth throat that all too often supports a smooth face. Other than re-ordering one's genes and starting all over, the best plan would seem to be speedy cosmetic action, and Aris, originator of the Isotoner Body Beauty Suit, have just such a ploy. This one is called Chin Beautiful, and couldn't be simpler—an Isotoner chin strap that snaps snugly on, covering throat, neck and chin, and working neck-in-glove, so to speak, with a special, co-packaged cream that's moisturizing and mollifying your wrapped-up skin while the strap does its self-action massage. Use it while you're reading, napping, cooking—and take a no-slouch vow for all your waking hours. Chin Beautiful is Velcro-fastened, so one size fits all.

A bounty on your scalp

In the seemingly nonstop hostilities between women and their hair (it snarls, it splits, it's too fine, it's too frizzy, it falls down, it falls out), an interesting dispatch has come in from the front. . . . The new strategy at Saks Fifth Avenue's Beauty Salon is the long-famous-in-France Capilo Treatment, and to try it is to surrender to its beneficence. First off, a hair is plucked from your crown (hair loss is greatest there) and analyzed in the Capiloscope, a sort of tressy fluoroscope which reveals all about your scalp, roots, and hair-shaft. Scalps, according to Capilo thinking, have been dismally neglected. "Everything depends on how healthy your scalp is," our Capilo-trained chap, Mr. Stephen Falco, told us, "shine, thickness, holding power, even whether your hair stays in long enough to grow to its potential length." Turns out all too many scalps have a buildup of scale which throttles the roots, prevents a normal flow of oil, and provides such diversions as dandruff, itching, sore scalp, and thinning hair. The treatment, which aims to correct any or all of these miseries and is tailored to deal with one's very own analyzed hair, is a 45-minute rouser. A special vibrator, equipped with plastic prickles, gives the scalp a truly blissful drubbing and prepares the terrain for thorough-cleansing Biosebum Cream. The shampoo, depending on one's diagnosis, is either tar-smelling or made with sweet milk, then followed by tonic and a moisturizer that incorporates quinine and marrow. The tariff per session is $15 and there are new Capilo enclaves at Saks Salons all around the country.

Heat waves

Anyone who counts herself as a warm-blooded American girl should be gratified to know that a new scent-form has just appeared that gets its best vibrations from skin-heat. Corday's new Warm Perfume materializes as a velvety slip of a cream to stroke on all those pleasure points (nape, throat-hollow, backs of knees, cleft of bosom—just for starters). It is, needless to tell you, utterly greaseless, non-staining, and comes in a chic little pot all patterned in brown and gold. Warm Perfume is to be had either in Fame, which is a delicious faradiddle of flowers, or Toujours Moi—an inscrutable Far East sort of smell, breathing of spices, mosses, and intrigue.


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The Herbert Levy look for travel anywhere this Spring -
a walking coat ensemble of 100% Dacron® polyester knit
lined in jaunty checks.
Spring Navy or Spring Aqua.
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here's why it costs $70

Doesn't look much more than a leotard? Guess again! It took ARIS three years to perfect this first-of-its-kind ISOTONER™ Body Beauty Suit. Its unique action gives you a sensation you've never felt before. Slip into it after you've smoothed on the ISOTONER™ Motion Cream that's included, and the two combine forces to multiply many times the action of each. Engineered to make you feel like you're getting a massage head-to-toe! Makes your thighs and upper arms feel firmer, your body more relaxed, supple and smoother—moisturizes your skin, too. Wear it solo, with a skirt...or even sleep in it. And all the time, it's shaping you up effortlessly. Once you try it on, you'll say it's priceless!

Suit: Petite, Small, Medium, Large in Black, Brown, Navy, Burgundy, Nude—with 2 oz. Cream.

ARIS ISOTONER
10 E. 38th St., New York, N.Y. 10016

Available in the Cosmetic Departments of BERGDORF GOODMAN, I. MAGNIN, BONWIT TELLER, NEIMAN MARCUS, J. W. ROBINSON and other fine stores

CHECKING OUT THE

Beauty Bargains

The sweet buy and buy

If ever there was a time to curl up with stacks of good reading, it's right now in January when the world of beauty gets out its own, deeply engrossing Best Seller List. It's a month of bargains, with prices cut by as much as one-half on hand lotions, bath oils, face creams, and perfumes (what better moment to give a whirl to a new and untried entrancement?). Herewith, a partial guide to good browsing and better buying.

Fresh from the cleaner

One way to feel as rich as your skin cleanser is to get it in bulk when the more you buy, the more you save. Consider the economics of ***Givenchy's*** exquisite cleansing cream. Eleven months a year, the princely sixteen-ounce jar costs $14. In January, it's all yours for exactly half. . . . If you've already become inseparable from ***Aloe Creme Laboratories'*** superb Alo-V Cleanser, you'll be keen to round up a flock of the eight-ounce jars at $5.75 per (usually they're $7). And if you like the smaller, four-ounce size, it's $3.75, down from $4.50. . . . Being supersensitive can't be all bad—***Almay's*** famous hypoallergenic Deep Mist Moisture Cream costs $5.25, $3 less than the regular price. . . . If you haven't yet discovered the joys of ***Marcelle's*** unbelievably fine cleansing cream, give it a go while the big fourteen-ounce jar is $4 instead of $6.

Skinny dips

It's an ill wind that blows no good, and the goodies this wind-buffeted month are marked down to the point where a double-scoop of cream is all virtue. How scrumptious to be wayward with ***Marcella Borghese's*** Crema di Notte when the $15 size costs only $7.50, and the twice-as-big $25 jar is going for $12.50. . . . How many times have you quailed at plonking down $20 for the eight-ounce size of ***Revlon's*** fabulous Eterna '27'? $12.50 buys it this month—and if you haven't *ever* tried it, what are you waiting for? The introductory one-ounce jar is only $3. . . . Packing for sports *d'hiver*? You can use an extra ***Max Factor*** Active Moisturizer, especially since the $5.50 bottle is way down to $2.75. . . . Polyderm devotees take note: ***Prince Matchabelli*** has sliced the price on Normalizing Cream from $4 to $2. . . . Winter or summer, ***Alexandra de Markoff's*** Allevia Body Treatment is peaches-and-cream for parchy legs and arms. At half the usual $15, you can put away a year's supply. . . . The super-saver over at ***Coty*** right now is their great Vitamin A & D Moisture Balancer—the $5 size is just $2.50. . . . You get twice as many ounces—eight instead of four—when you buy ***Jean Naté's*** smoothie of a Hand Tone for $1.50. . . . ***Corday's*** perfumed velvety Enriched Moisture Balm for after-bath sleeking is $2.50 as against its regular $5 tag. . . . Bloomy-skinned beauties who swear by ***Germaine Monteil's*** Bio-Miracle Cream should know there is now a Bio-Miracle Lotion, and its introductory price is $6.25—half its future $12.50. . . . Palm-y days are here: ***Shulton's*** Desert Flower Hand and Body Lotion is selling at $1.25 (regularly $2.50) and $2 rather than $4; ***Elizabeth Arden's*** famous pints of fragrant (Blue Grass, Memoire Cherie, and June Geranium) hand lotion are currently $3, down from $4.50; and ***Houbigant*** has halved its usual $5 price on Chantilly Ultra Rich Hand and Body Cream. . . . Let yourself glow—the $8 size of ***Helena Rubinstein's*** radiance-producing Ultra Feminine Moisturizing Emulsion is now just $5.

Heads—you win

The motto for this month: Remember The Mane. Care for your hair and strengthen your economy while prices (temporarily) plummet. ***Wella*** is doing its back-to-nature best to tempt you with Gentle Care Herbal Instant Conditioner going for $2.98 instead of $4. . . . ***Pantene*** promises Something Extra when you buy your can't-do-without Pre-Forming set and conditioner. For about $5.50, you get a 12-ounce Pre-Forming, 1¼-ounce Shampoo #3, and 1½ ounces of Hair Spray Natural. (Continued on page 28)

Amino-Pon. The $1.25 Redken nonsoap. If you look 30 at 40 it was worth it.

Soap never touched the skin of the Victorian lady. Perhaps she knew something that today's emancipated American woman doesn't.

Simply that soap is often bad for the skin. Soap is made from caustic soda (sodium hydroxide, the same ingredient used to straighten hair). And contains harmful free alkali. Amino-Pon Beauty Bar contains not one drop of either.

And because hair and skin are primarily protein (Nobel Award winning Dr. Linus Pauling discovered that hair is 97% protein in 1954), Amino-Pon Beauty Bar is primarily protein. Plus wheat, vitamins, emollients to aid irritated skin, humectants to help retain the skin's moisture.

Soap—even if it contains lanolin, glycerine or cold creams—is alkaline by nature. This is the exact opposite of the natural state of the skin, which is slightly acidic. Scientists use the convenient pH scale of 0-14 to determine acidity or alkalinity (0 being absolute acidity and 14 being absolute alkalinity). The natural state of the skin (or what we're born with) is between 4.5 and 5.5 pH acidity. Soaps have an alkaline reading of between 7 and 14. Amino-Pon checks out at 5.5 acidity—the area in which skin has its greatest elasticity, luster and health.

In fact, it is this natural acid balance that gives your skin a protective mantle. Prevents your skin from losing its delicate moisture balance. The alkalinity of soap, however, destroys the skin's natural acid balance and paves the way for dryness, flakiness, irritation and microbial invasions. In short, it hastens the aging process.

Redken Laboratories' scientific approach to beauty has produced not only Amino-Pon nonsoap, but a complete array of naturally organic beauty products with the ingredients your skin loves best—protein and natural acid balance. Products that are organically compatible with your skin and thus penetrate and do their healthy work from the inside out.

Redken also believes that the science of beauty should be dispensed by the specialist. Well-trained beauticians in whose professional hands products such as bleach, straighteners or permanent waves belong.

Thus products of Redken Laboratories are only available through your beautician. That's why Redken labels aren't a familiar item on supermarket or drug store shelves.

All of our products for home use are displayed and sold in beauty salons throughout the country. They enable you to remain a Redken woman in between visits. For example:

Amino-Pon "K-11": This shampoo lets you leave the second lather in for additional body and sheen.

Bio-Spraé and Climatress: Hair sprays that do not progressively build up on hair. Can be easily washed out. Not sticky.

P.P.T. "S-77": A natural organic protein hair reconditioner rebuilds hair fibers.

Climatress Moisturizing Creme Protein Conditioner: Restores hair condition and combats color fading. Works from the inside out to give three-dimensional sheen.

H.P. "19" and Crystalite: Wave sets that give unbelievable sheen to hair. Seal in color, contain herbs, proteins and 19 amino acids.

Onica: Nail conditioner that reconditions with protein. Eliminates splitting and breaking.

PHinal PHase Creme Rinse: Acidifies hair and removes tangles. Gives additional body.

Amino-Pon Proderma Cream: Most creams merely cover up skin with oils and fatty materials. Proderma is actually absorbed to restore proper moisture balance and suppleness to skin with prolonged usage. Does not clog the pores.

REDKEN
The Scientific Approach to Hairdressing

Amino-Pon Moisturizing Lotion: The ideal face or body lotion. Contains Proderma. Allows skin to breathe. Contains emollients and moisturizers that are beneficial to dry, lined skin.

Look for the Redken beauty mark in your local telephone directory. Or write Redken Laboratories, 14721 Califa, Van Nuys, California 91401, for further information.



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Beauty Bargains (Continued from page 26)

Scents of values

Smelling delicious is a twenty-four-hour-a-day performance, and right this minute even the price-iest perfumes are going for fractions: ***Norell*** has put his brilliant, unfathomable Norell into a roll-on for $7.50, and into a pretty pot (as a solid) for $6. Both are introductory specials. . . . ***Lanvin*** promises you the pleasures of Arpège and My Sin spray mists, at $3 for either one. The size is special—1⅓ ounces. . . . ***Fabergé's*** Xanadu is elusive, euphoric, indescribably sensuous. You can Xanadu-yourself all over, what with the cologne spray going for $3.50, down from $7.50. . . . The pretty Sprayling atomizers at ***Nina Ricci*** that hold an ounce of eau de toilette are special-price-packaged with an ounce refill. L'Air du Temps, that ineffable mixture of flowers and cloves, and Coeur-Joie, which smells like an elegant hothouse, are both $6, and Capricci—languid with rose petals and jasmine—costs $6.50. . . . ***Charles of the Ritz's*** spark-and-smoulder Ritual has a new, diamond-faceted flacon for its Eau de Parfum spray, and it's yours—just in January—for $5, after which it's $7.50. . . . The enigmatic "Y," pride of ***Yves Saint Laurent,*** is offered, for now, in eau de toilette with the most exquisite of talc mists at $6 as against the regular $10. . . . If you haven't yet wrapped (rapt?) yourself in ***Givenchy III***—the master's most recent—the two-ounce eau de toilette spray is being introduced at $6, after which it leaps to $8.50. . . . Breathe deeply and buy ahead—the matchless refreshment of ***Yardley's*** English Lavender spray cologne is down from $3.50 to a January low of $2.75. . . . ***Dana's*** great come-hither, Tabu, and their blithe, beguiling Ambush, the flashing 20 Carats, and sultry Emir are all priced at $2 for the special-sized two-ounce eau de cologne. . . . ***Jean D'Albret,*** makers of elegant flower dreams, are celebrating January with a flacon-and-refill combo that couldn't be more welcome. Ecusson and Casaque, usually $10, are $6.50, and Princess D'Albret is $7.50 instead of $11.50. . . . ***Christian Dior*** says it with flowers—fragrant armfuls of spring for Miss Dior, and the poignant thrust of valley-lilies for Diorissimo. The three-ounce eau de toilette, normally $9.75, is way down to $5. . . . The ***Caron*** collectors should have a happy time. A special two-ounce spray mist is on sale at $4, at which price one could sweep up all five enchantments: flighty, larky Fleurs de Rocaille; massed-carnation Bellodgia; Nuit de Noel—all warmth and richness; and Le Muguet and Narcisse Noir which are, each, intensely their own single-flower perfection. . . . Everybody knows that bath oil, rubbed into the body, is endlessly, lastingly fragrant, and ***Parfums Rochas*** have put up their glorious Femme and Madame Rochas deep-scented bath oils in special one-ounce sizes for $6.50. . . .

Mixed blessings

Love is in the air these days, and it smells engagingly of fresh lemons. ***Menley & James's*** Love tokens are January-priced. Fresh Lemon Cleanser and Cleansing Lotion, both regularly $4.50, are now $3; Fresh Lemon Smoothing Lotion and Fresh Lemon Freshener are going for $2.50 rather than $4; and there's an introductory four-ounce F. L. Hand & Body Creme at $1.75 which will be $2.25 later on. . . . ***Polly Bergen*** is introducing her splendid new Facial II treatment kit at a January price of $8.50, after which it will jump to $12. In it are 3.5 ounces each of Deep Cleansing Foam and Foam Moisturizer. . . . ***Irma Shorell,*** who (hooray) believes you don't have to be young to look young, is having a special on her Youthening Skin Care Collection case. It holds Formula for Cleansing, Moisture/35, and a Contour/35 travel tube, all for $17.50, just half the usual $35. . . . ***Frances Denney's*** Beauty Sampler is crammed with worthwhile attractions: Creamy Cleansing Lotion, Mild Skin Lotion, Eye Cream, Viva Super Masque, Multi-Layer Night Preen—a bedtime protector, made with the oil secreted by swans to sleek their plumage—and Multi-Layer Moisturizer. The whole boodle $15 for now, $23.75 after January. . . . What's good for a skier's skin has got to be good for the rest of us. ***Bonne Bell's*** Skier's Gift Box, which holds the justly famous Ten-O-Six cleansing lotion, Weatherproofer, High Altitude Cream, Snow Tan Bronzer, and Sure Tan, is a neat buy at $5.50, reduced from $8. . . .

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*water-loving

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vogue TRAVELS

A new sun-place in HAWAII

All-year, every-hour good going at Kaanapali, on the island of Maui

By Despina Messinesi

What's Kaanapali? It's a young resort on the shiny western coast of the Hawaiian Island of Maui. To set the scene, Kaanapali Beach Resort edges three miles of golden sand. The air is dry, rinsed clean. The sea is warm, rollers gentle. Trapped by the West Maui Mountains—colossal mounds veined with green ravines and arched over with rainbows that often come in pairs—clouds perform like a light show, temporarily stain the slopes lavender, green-black, color the sea indigo blue. Sunlight and moonlight streak the rippling Pacific.

The real catch of Kaanapali with its unstarched, pleasant beachcomber living is the masses of things to do and see. Newest fascination is Whaler's Village, a knockout architectural complex with shops, restaurants, and about one hundred exhibits focusing on Kaanapali's whaling past in the nineteenth century. (Although the whaling industry is dead, thoroughly alive Arctic whales winter here in the warm waters offshore.)

From the sea as well as the road, the Village barely interrupts the seascape. Spread over nine acres, the shingled houses stand low and on different levels. Most of the whaling exhibits stand in the open air: harpoons, ship's figureheads, long skeletons of whales, and, in handsome glass cases also outdoors, old maps, tools, and exquisite pieces of scrimshaw, the needle-fine carving on whalebone done by sailors. At night, when the shops (everything from leather to books, antiques, mini-supermarkets, a bank, all kinds of clothes places) close, the exhibits, lighted up, seem even more enticing. The whale skeleton in the breeze above a reflecting pool looks ghostly green and slightly moves.

The Rusty Harpoon restaurant, a cluster of small terraces, faces the sea; good for breakfast, lovely at sunset for drinks served with *pupus* (meat on skewers), and romantic at night with a quiet guitar.

Chuck's—a restaurant in a series of small rooms on different levels, open for lunch and dinner—is great for steaks. Bare tabletops, white dishes, serve-yourself salad from a sideboard with plates in an iced bin.

Sea-Scoop—an ice-cream-and-sandwich parlor with leaded windows, leaded-glass mobiles of ice-cream cones, and an enormous terrace—is open to ten in the evening, a fantasy of sundaes, waffles, filled picnic boxes.

During the day, a green jitney bus circulating around Kaanapali stops at hotels, golf clubs, train station, and Whaler's Village to pick up and deposit passengers. Bang at the entrance of Whaler's Village is the Kaanapali Activity Center. Here, arrangements are made for water sports (including instruction for first-timers): surfing, water skiing, scuba diving. This is also the place to rent motor bikes, charter boats—maybe the ketch "Viajero" for a dinner cruise.

A for-a-fact-fancy echoing often in Kaanapali is the toot of a train and puffs of steam in the blueness: the pride of Kaanapali, a polished steam locomotive pulls two apple-red coaches copied after those at the turn of the century along narrow-gauge tracks once used for hauling sugar cane to the Pioneer Mill at Lahaina.

The sports menu includes two golf courses: the eighteen-hole Royal Kaanapali championship course, designed by Robert Trent Jones, and the Kaanapali Kai, a walking course, a "chip shot away." Each golf course has a pro shop; the championship course has canary-yellow golf carts.

The six hard courts of the John Gardiner Tennis Club, a fresh addition, are heavily booked. Playing in the dry air is unbeatable. There's an excellent pro shop, a triplet of pros who

register tennis action on film—constructive, not necessarily pleasing, evidence for the player.

To see the entire Kaanapali scene, lift off in a helicopter from a pad at Whaler's Village and swoop down over the rollers, up above sugar and pineapple fields, over hotels and beaches.

At Kaanapali, instead of staring at the uninterrupted sea, the eyes fix on two islands: Lanai, a smooth, small lump rising in the Pacific, and Molokai, a larger hump with jagged peaks. Brand-new air tours fly visitors to these two islands as well as to Hana on the eastern end of Maui. For both helicopter tours and the Three Island Air Tours in twin-engine planes, the Activity Center at Whaler's Village makes the bookings.

On Lanai, a tremendous spread of pineapple fields. Some of the plane tours stop for lunch at Lanai Lodge, a simple clean chalet standing fifteen hundred feet above sea level among tall symmetrical Norfolk Island Pines planted near the pineapple fields to trap rain clouds. The air in Lanai has a Swiss crispness (sweaters necessary), and it's a wonderful place for riding and hunting. Driving from the airport, cars stop to let ring-necked pheasant with white chokers and chukar partridge with thin feathery tails dash across the road. Not on the road, but also on Lanai, wild sheep, axis deer, wild goats, and quail.

Five minutes by car from Kaanapali, Lahaina, a seaport town where in the early nineteen hundreds whaling ships and New England missionaries landed about the same time, now juggles its historied past with a jumpy St. Tropez cachet.

The blue-eyed dynamo of the Lahaina Restoration Foundation, Timothy H. Mitchell, each morning takes off on a tour of inspection from his headquarters in the stone Masters' Reading Room, once used by the New England seamen whose gravestones stand shaded by heady-smelling plumeria trees and brushed by mauve jacaranda flowers in the Wainee Churchyard.

Boutiques and restaurants line Lahaina's Front Street; some hang over the sea, others open on arcades. In his general store, Mr. Yamamoto runs an old-fashioned shaved-ice machine. Old Japanese men sitting in corners of shops or barbershops play games with exceptionally small cards. New service at Arbor Coiffures—massage for men and women: telephone 661-3292.

Restaurants in Lahaina serve fish and steaks—in different settings: Coconut Grove, under palms; Lahaina Broiler, on a long terrace along the sea with an enormous monkeypod tree draped with Christmas lights; Pioneer Inn, on the harbor in a back garden under thatched umbrellas. Islanders who know go to Whale's Tale, an upstairs porch, open for lunch and dinner, run by Heinz and Werner, chefs who know the whole town.

Attractive, the Lahaina Yacht Club, where member-visitors from other yacht clubs may go, serves meals on a large porch above the sea.

Some ten miles from Kaanapali, Chez Paul, an unpretentious small restaurant, serves the best food of the land. Fernande, the French wife with her hair tucked under a kerchief, runs the kitchen; Paul, the Irish husband, runs the guests. *Note:* Reserve ahead both in Kaanapali and Lahaina.

At the Kaanapali Beach Resort there are several hotels with all the good things—comfortable, air-conditioned, balconied rooms facing sea or mountains, scented gardens, pools, beach, clusters of restaurants and bars, and shopping arcades. Among them: the Maui Hilton, its rooms arranged like one-, two-, or three-room apartments with kitchens. The Sheraton Maui, an architectural cliff-hanger terraced on black rocks with a marvelous span of beach and circular cottages in gardens. The Kaanapali Beach curves around a lawn; little known, the good, hot Japanese food served after eleven-thirty at night in the Noodle Barr (two r's—no typographical error). The four-month-old Maui Surf, startling, tall, above the beach and the nearby Whaler's Village—Pequod and Queequeg, its bar and restaurant, rigged up as whaling ships, are off to a good start. The Royal Lahaina, thirty cottages edging the golf green, added an attractive wing of balconied rooms, all with dressing rooms and small refrigerators. The new spot where everybody congregates happens to be in the basement, next to the sauna and gym, in the coin-operated laundry. The big difference from the times when women scrubbed the wash along the river's banks is that now the men guests—talking, meeting, comparing golf scores—do it. ▼



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VOGUE'S

FROM JANUARY 1 THROUGH JANUARY 15

HOROSCOPE

BY MARIA ELISE CRUMMERE



MAO TSE-TUNG, Chairman of the Chinese Communist Party, was born December 26, 1893, with the Sun in Capricorn—the sign of organized government. The position of his ruler, Saturn, in Libra shows concern with civic matters; its relationship to the Moon (people) and Venus (feeling) indicates love and compassion in his enforcement of the law. His unbending strength, behind seeming ease, comes from a precise cross—planets in all four fixed signs: relentless Mars (action) and Uranus (policy) in Scorpio (power); Venus (checked feelings) in Aquarius; Jupiter (judgment) in stubborn Taurus; the Moon in Leo. His is a very strong chart.

ARIES, March 21–April 19. Your sign is thought to be the most aggressive one, but this impression comes from your alertness and speedy responses. Your ruler, Mars, now in your own sign gives you a chance to get a head start in launching new projects. Pluto in your house of partners may lead you to new groups who will welcome your leadership. You will be backed up by Saturn in Gemini—your thinking house.

TAURUS, April 20–May 20. Though you love peace and harmony and hate to be disturbed, your ruler—Venus—in the erratic sign of Aquarius now, will rouse you into building something new, expanding your horizons, with the urging of a silent backer. Trust your feeling of elation and build a groundwork during these two weeks, establishing your position before others come on the scene to help in consolidating the movement.

GEMINI, May 21–June 21. You like to meet new people, learn new things, satisfy your desire for knowledge. With Saturn in your sign now, heavier burdens seem to consume your energy. Bear with these problems; Jupiter in your seventh house of others will bring valuable opportunities through new people. No one should be overlooked who may bring rewards to supplement the responsibilities you now assume.

CANCER, June 22–July 22. When your feminine intuition is positive, you can display great imagination; but your response must be immediate or the mood passes, the idea is lost or dissipated while you think through the impulse. Mars in Fire Aries challenges you now. You may not be able to stand up to the test; but with Saturn behind you giving security, it is worthwhile to accept the challenge and follow through.

LEO, July 23–August 23. The Sun (your ruler), the spirited ego, is now in restrictive Capricorn. This may incline you to withdraw, feeling unable to participate fully. You will receive minor help from social Venus in your seventh house of associates. This is a time to pass the initiative to others, to let them stimulate you rather than assuming the lead yourself. Jupiter is in your house of love; why not fall now?

VIRGO, August 24–September 22. The purity and chastity of your sign may be the reasons you see error so clearly. Your ruler, Mercury, is now in Sagittarius, squaring your sign, giving you a chance to see yourself as others see you. You may try a more speculative mood than usual for the first ten days. Jupiter in conjunction with Mercury brings a lighthearted period. New friends will encourage your venture.

LIBRA, September 23–October 23. A subtle factor of trial (your symbol is the scales of justice) is influencing your choices now. Since your ruler, Venus, is in the unpredictable sign of Aquarius, be careful. If a friend seems to be keeping you in an up-and-down state, you need not fear. Uranus in your sign is stimulating a fresh point of view, bringing new experiences, new partners, renovating your life.

SCORPIO, October 24–November 22. Your competence comes from your realism and the willpower to stay with any effort until your aims are fulfilled. Your ruler, Pluto, now in Libra puts your partners in strong positions. Use tact and vigilance and stay well within the organized plans until all is well established. Power is in the hands of others. Put your experience into other productive forms, to gain strength.

SAGITTARIUS, November 23–December 22. To gain both materially and intellectually you must make a positive combination. While Jupiter still occupies your sign, the emphasis should be on acceptance of as many opportunities as mind and energy can support. Uranus in your house of friendship brings ideas from new friends who need your power. This period offers rare circumstances; test every advantage.

CAPRICORN, December 23–January 20. Those born in Capricorn find the highest attainment in establishing an ideal order for the masses. Your ruler, Saturn, now in Gemini, the sign of practical application of intellect, means that young ideas should be promoted in your activities, old forms discarded. The first week is suitable for the instigation of these new ways that time (Saturn rules time) will prove worthy.

AQUARIUS, January 21–February 19. The Aquarian age now approaching will bring you a lessening of material cravings and a desire to understand the wonders of the outer world, cosmic intelligence. Your ruler, Uranus, in Libra, the sign of justice to man, is unyielding in awakening man to his true nature. The present period is propitious for you to follow this path, to unravel man's basic nature.

PISCES, February 20–March 20. You prefer the path of compassion. If that is not open to you, you may take refuge in exile. Your ruler has just changed signs. Leaving the troublesome sign of Scorpio, it now occupies Sagittarius, giving you a new freedom. The study of a new way of life through higher service and learning will erase the discontent that has haunted you so long. Now take up pursuits of promise.

SPOTLIGHT: **movies**

To see the *AMERICAN PAST:* take a *EUROPEAN VIEW*

Joe Hill *and* Sacco and Vanzetti,
two of our country's legendary trials through foreign lenses

By Arthur Schlesinger, Jr.

For a quarter of a century—say, 1925-1950—Hollywood ruled the world. In these euphoric years, Americans blithely invaded others' history, telling the Egyptians about Cleopatra, the French about Napoleon, and the Russians about Rasputin. Now other countries are beginning to make films about us, seizing on aspects of American history that Hollywood never had the imagination or the courage to confront.

So the Swedes and the Italians have made films based on two famous cases where radicals fell afoul of American justice. Both invite demagogic anti-American treatment; but neither Bo Widerberg, director and author of *Joe Hill,* nor Giuliano Montaldo, director and co-author of *Sacco and Vanzetti,* succumbs to the vulgar temptation. Their movies have an innate decency and a sense of the complexity of the American democratic experience.

Joe Hill was a Swede who came to the United States early in the century, got mixed up with that brave and romantic movement the Industrial Workers of the World, wrote some stirring songs, was accused of murder in Salt Lake City, and explained the fact that he had been shot on the same night that someone had been shot robbing a grocery store by vague references to a woman he would not betray. Hill went to his death before a firing squad.

Historians Wallace Stegner and James O. Morris think the trial unfair but Hill probably guilty; Gibbs M. Smith, who wrote the most recent account and served as the film's "historical advisor," hopes that Hill may have been innocent. The movie has no doubt about this and contrives a fanciful story about a jealous opera singer to explain Hill's wound.

Still, Widerberg sees his film as an exercise in legend, not in history; and here he succeeds remarkably. He combines two divergent gifts as a director: an enchanting lyricism (which, without ballast, led to the absurdities of *Elvira Madigan*) and a realistic concern with poverty and protest.

Joe Hill is beautifully played by Thommy Berggren, and the people he encounters along the way are rendered with a surprising instinct for American types. The film catches the spirit of the I.W.W.—the rebelliousness, militance, and devotion—but it is not ideologically committed.

Much more is known about Sacco and Vanzetti; and the Montaldo film has in contrast a sober, factual, even documentary quality. Again, it has no doubt about innocence, and it will infuriate those revisionists who have somehow persuaded themselves that Sacco at least was guilty. But again the issue is whether the accused received a fair trial.

Again the American atmosphere is well done. The final confrontation with the Establishment is written more sharply and intelligently in the Italian film. Riccardo Cucciolla and Gian Maria Volonte give strong and unforced performances as Sacco and Vanzetti. Joan Baez is better singing Earl Robinson's song about Joe in the Swedish film than singing a terrible "theme" in the Italian film. Both are movies Americans should take care to see. ▼



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dress $65 blazer $125 slacks $30

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Someone's in the kitchen with Maxime: *RUSTY HOLZER,* age two

By Maxime McKendry



THOM LAFFERTY

Rusty Holzer is one of the New People, today's babies who are happy, amusing kids-about-town, interesting people—not, as in past days, little nuisances to be disciplined, segregated, told "Don't disturb mummy . . . she's resting, dressing, out, telephoning, just terribly busy," and left in safe, dull care, dressed in clothes that grown-ups liked, fed parent-timed meals.

Rusty has a beautiful, bright, into-it mother, Mrs. Leonard Holzer, who is working hard organizing Daedalus Concepts—reasonably priced furniture designed by artists and sold through the Leo Castelli Gallery in New York. She gets excited, exhausted, energetic, and languorous along with Rusty. She likes loud music sometimes and silence, too; and so does he. Rusty listens with his father to music Leonard Holzer has taped; and in his big tall wide room heaped with boy-beaten toys and dominated by a vast painting by Jules Olitski, he operates his record player with casual ease, asking politely, "Is it too loud?" He dresses in clothes he likes, eats when he's hungry. Jane Holzer and Susan, Rusty's young nannie whom he calls Didi, share an enthusiasm for natural foods. "I really follow Adelle Davis," said Jane. "The first year is the most important. We always gave him two yellow vegetables and one green—Swiss chard is terrific for vitamins. We steamed the vegetables five minutes while cooking chopped beef or liver; then pureed them together in the blender." Rusty's "candy" is organic vitamins put up for children, and he loves breakfast of pancakes made of Soy-O mix and Granola cereal. Luncheon is hamburger, lamb chops, or chicken with vegetables. He eats protein-high soy beans for supper and snatches them at will, too, direct from the fridge. He gets lots of orange juice, bananas, apples. Rusty likes still to swig from his baby bottle a milk shake he prepares himself. Here's his recipe:



Rusty Holzer, above (and, left, getting a little help from his dog, Scoobie-Doo), climbs the kitchen step stool to mix his own power-plus baby bottle.

Rusty Holzer milk shake

3 scoops Tiger's Milk (scoop, holding about 1 tablespoon, comes with the can)
2 scoops Similac
1 cup bottled spring water

Shake all together in a baby bottle (or electric blender) and serve.

The business of growing

Dr. Virginia E. Pomeranz, a New York pediatrician who is co-author of *The Mother's Medical Encyclopedia* to be published this month, said our job is to develop growing children's taste without exasperating ourselves. For babies, any food left over from the grown-up meal (we assume it's Cordon Bleu)—meat, vegetables, gravy—should go in the blender. Freeze the result in an ice-cube tray; then wrap, label, and date the cubes; store in the freezer to be thawed, warmed one by one in a double boiler. Babies take readily to spices, onions, garlic, herbs. The alcohol has been evaporated from your Boeuf Bourguignon, and the pleasure remains. Puree a slice of leg of lamb with the peas, or try spaghetti with the sauce and an egg yolk. Avoid starches, give honey instead of refined sugar to save delicate teeth already forming. Never force food; children eat when hungry. As their tastes change, change with them. Frustration and anger come from elaborate cooking that the child won't eat; give him a slice of bologna instead, and keep your cool. For teethers, ice-cold celery sticks, a stale bagel, or Milk-Bone dog biscuit. Dr. Pomeranz said the most effective parents have the longest memories; they look at children from a child's point of view. To a tedious adult in her own childhood who brought out that stopper "How you've grown," she replied, "It is my business to grow; I'm a child."

Baby food that adults will eat

if the children will let them

Hasty pudding

1 quart milk
2 egg yolks
2 bay leaves
Pinch salt
Butter

Simmer milk with bay leaves (do not boil) to infuse flavor. Beat egg yolks until creamy, add salt, and stir slowly into milk along with a piece of butter the size of a nut. Cook almost to the boiling point, stirring furiously, until as thick as good porridge. Pour in a deep dish and arrange small pieces of butter in a pattern on top; serve before butter melts.

Kedgeree

⅔ cup long grain rice
4 tablespoons butter
1 small onion, finely chopped
½ pound cooked haddock, flaked
2 hard-cooked eggs; whites chopped, yolks sieved
Salt and Cayenne pepper
Chopped parsley

Bring 1 pint salted water to the boil in a large saucepan; shower in rice; bring to boil again. Cover, cook over very low heat until water is absorbed (about 25 minutes). Sauté onion in a little butter until soft. Stir onion, fish, egg whites, and remaining butter into cooked rice and season. Heat gently and pile on a flat warm serving dish. Make a big St. Andrew's cross on top with the egg yolks and scatter with parsley.

Baked apples with oatmeal

Core the apples, fill the spaces with oatmeal porridge left over from breakfast. Place apples in a baking dish; sprinkle with sugar. Add water to cover the bottom of pan; bake in a moderate oven until tender. Serve warm with cream, topped with a little dry oatmeal. (Adapted from Mrs. Rorer's New Cook Book, 1898, published in facsimile by The Ladies' Home Journal Cook Book Club.)

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Vogue's point of view

you
the woman of today

No magazine takes its readers for granted; nor do we. Still, there are things we feel easy—and fortunate—in assuming about the woman who reads Vogue today. That she likes herself, for one—or she wouldn't give a damn how she looked and wouldn't be here in the first place. On the other hand, as sure as there is more than fashion in these pages, there is more than fashion on her mind. We assume, in fact, that the woman who reads Vogue is not very different from the women who edit it: she loves her husband; brings up her children; she works; travels; goes back to school for her Masters—or for the uncredited pleasure of learning something new; is good at some sports, rotten at others. We expect she worries about certain things—the economy, the ecology, the coming elections—and despairs of nothing. What she can do something about, she does. With intelligence, humor, and a tolerance of the unfamiliar. . . . In 1972, we'll continue to address her—you—as Miss or Mrs. rather than Ms. because we see her as we think she sees herself: a modern, small-l liberated woman who doesn't need labels to know who she is. . . .

The flash of black satin pyjamas... think about it!

If you've spent your entire life going out to dinner in star-spangled little dresses and long skirts, then it's time you thought about pants. Not the sort of everyday, hack-around pants you've always worn, but something really sensational. Like the black satin pyjamas here, with a small, perfect shirt and slightly flared trousers—all very luxurious, very fluid. Everything's in the cut, the line, the look you put together—with black silk knotted at the throat, rhinestone flashes at the wrists and neck. We couldn't show you an easier, more modern way to dress for small-evening evenings. But you won't know until you've tried.

Evening pyjamas by Sibley & Caffee, of silk crêpe-back satin. About $320. At Bonwit Teller; Nan Duskin; Giorgio. Ara Gallant coiffure. Accessories, next to last page this issue.



Mind-openers

for the woman of today

I'm going to walk as if an angel had me by the hair; a straight spine is the shortest distance to courage.

I shall never be middle-aged because I shall make sure, always, to be continuing to grow up.

I shall act, clearly and openly, for what I believe in. If I can't trust me to get things done, how shall I learn whom to trust?

Your look

KEEP YOUR MIND OPEN TO EVERY-THING THAT'S HAPPENING IN FASHION. WHAT YOU HAVEN'T TRIED BEFORE, TRY NOW—

Go with the impulse of a new year. Reject nothing out of hand—you will never know how pretty a shoe with a wedge can be until you've had one on your foot—or how charming a small, soft hat with a brim until you've put one on your head. We can tell you and tell you that shorter hair will give a lift to everything you've got on, and that yellow, on the bone of the brow, will open up the eye, clear the skin—but until you've tried these things for yourself, you will never know what you're missing. . . . Reject nothing you love on the grounds that it's not practical—cleaner's bills notwithstanding, how impractical is a cozy white sweater of a coat if it puts you at your ease and makes you feel like a million and look divine, and you're in it from this end of the year to that? Say it doesn't wear like iron, doesn't last for twenty years—do you really want to spend twenty years in an iron coat? Buy for love; trust your instinct; don't be afraid to think off the top of your head—that's where the cerebrum is. . . . Reject all clichés having to do with the relevancy of fashion. To care about how you look—to want to look well—is healthy. It gives pleasure to you and to people who see you. Anything else is irrelevant.

AVEDON



Mind openers

I shall never frump. What I see on other people's faces tells me what I look like. What I look like tells me where my spirit is going. I want it going great.

I shall tell lies of comfort only—and then to others. For myself, and everyone who would like to arrange my life for me, nothing but the truth.

I shall love.
I shall love.
I shall love.

Privacy is a mounting luxury.
I'll find new ways to it—
without slamming doors.

I shall take care of myself. My body and well-being are as important as anyone's in the world—at least, but no more.

I have five senses. I'll set "to feel," "to taste," "to smell" reeling right along with "to see" and "to hear."

Sex is the prime medium of exchange, sounder than gold. I promise neither to squander nor to undervalue it.

I shall shake out all my "received ideas," as Robert Hutchins has called them. Are the rules I live by still valid? Were they ever?

I am my brother's keeper—but not his servant or his master.

I'll grow my mind.
I'll grow my energy.
I'll grow my stamina.
My weight can stay where it is.

Do I care about the stuff I live with? I'll reconsider my possessions. Do I need them? Were they my family's habits? Perhaps I should live in a glass bowl, barely.

Your Body

LEARN TO LEARN YOUR BODY—
HOW IT LOOKS,
HOW IT THRIVES,
HOW TO KEEP IT WELL

"It's important not to regard your body as some great secret, but to know it well." This woman, in a photograph taken by Richard Avedon for the American Cancer Society, checks for foreign masses that may be signals of breast cancer. So much is up to you—your weight, the care of your skin, the minor and apparent upkeep of well-being, the consistent awareness and checks on your health. But just so much is up to you. The rest is up to the experts using steadily growing tests and techniques of detection, prevention, and cure of disease. In the 1972 abundance of medical hope and news, don't lose sight of the specialists who mind your health. Dr. Henry M. Selby, who is quoted above and who is Associate Attending in Radiology at Memorial Hospital in New York City as well as director of the PMX Medical Group, a private diagnostic clinic, gave further suggestions: stay clean, not only for the pleasure of it, but to help stave off ear, mouth, and eye infections as well as hepatitis. Stay lean: unnecessary weight figures in heart disease. Guard your teeth, for their own sake and for nutrition. With bad teeth, "you're less likely to bite into a carrot or an apple, more likely to cook heck out of food," he said. "Then come the aches that can affect the whole body. And just because you don't wear glasses doesn't mean your eyes oughtn't to be checked. Yearly chest X-rays are a rule and danger from radiation is absolutely insignificant." Common sense is the first rule. How you feel is a concern of body a well as mind—and vice versa.

AVEDON



Mind-openers

I am not rabble. I will not be roused
except as a thoughtful person.

Enthusiasm. I'll get it. I'll keep it.

Cynicism is the mask of the cowed.

I'm going to unleash my children. What reason
have I not to trust the offspring of their parents?

Someone will matter
more to me than I do.
I wish it were everyone.

I'm going to listen to the messages behind
the words of the people I love.

And let's all laugh at joyful things.

Laughter is the fourth-dimensional vitamin.



11 Your Sphere

THROW OUT
FIXED IDEAS OF
OFFICE SPACE,
ART SPACE,
LIVING SPACE

Pierre Cardin, the French designer, has, with bravura technique, turned his wits to office space. "No more messy papers and pencils and clutter," he said. Instead, sculptured shapes, a secretary-less world of tapes, meetings televised onto cassettes, and lighting with a dramatic range of color and mood that some visitors find "eerie, futuristic, beautiful." In this office, the circle, Cardin's symbol, takes over. For Cardin "the moon, the earth, the sun, limitless, without beginning or end and pure creation," the circle is, too, a spherical television mounted over a spherical stereo set (shown at the far left), and (foreground) three globular lights, and (far right) a rounded-out file cabinet. A cushioned chair curves into the desk with its specially designed telephone and lamp. The desk, an edgy triangle, evolved from an idea the Italian sculptor Bocola had for a handbag: "I like to go one step further from the simple, the obvious answer," said Cardin. Other further steps for Cardin: designs for a projection room, a theater, a gallery, and most recently a restaurant—all these housed together in L'Espace Pierre Cardin, an old theater in Paris, its exterior diplomatically intact, its interior, Cardin's realized dream of a "showplace, a try-out center, a workshop." Cardin calls artists to come to see him, to talk with him and stay to work. "Art should be lived," he said, "and also experienced."

BACHMANN

First in a Vogue series of fashion personalities— interesting women whose way of dressing, whose fashion theories are shaped by their way of life, their involvements, their commitments

Mrs. William F. Buckley, Jr.

Mrs. Buckley—wife of the witty, articulate spokesman for the Conservative Party, editor of the National Review, television personality, lecturer and author—shares his life and interests, joining him on lecture tours, skiing with him (despite a bad multiple break in her leg several years ago), and entertaining his business and political associates and friends in the Buckley town house in Manhattan, and on weekends in Connecticut.... Everything is done in Pat Buckley's own dynamic, rangy style....As open in her fashion thinking as the vast stretches of her native British Columbia, Pat Buckley buys when it hits her, with no organized plot—it's a relaxed, uncontrived wardrobe, sportive....What Pat Buckley is strongly against is the rich-rich "glittery" look...she has the generous allure, the tall majesty of a Ziegfeld girl; the warm voice and aura of capability that draw and hold her enchanted listeners....Here, she talks about her life, and the clothes that fit it...



PENATI

"It's a three-ring circus with my dogs, Rowley, Peppermint, and Foo...they fight over their pillows, and when I separate them, I sometimes get a pair of teeth into me."... Mrs. Buckley, here in their "comfortable, chaotic" weekend house in Connecticut, wears purple jeans, sweater, and a Persian filigree silver belt....Jeans are her uniform at the mist-wrapped grey-clapboard house on the Sound, filled with white wicker, chintz, and Down East charm....

FASHION PERSONALITY:

Mrs. William F. Buckley, Jr.

"Bill gave me this beautiful Bernard Sacy painting for Christmas, it just arrived today... the patchwork leather poncho I've got on? From Ilka Suarez. I wore it so much last year, but it's still sensational this year...."

ALEXIS WALDECK



"On Wednesdays, a cooking class with Maurice Moore-Betty: you can never learn enough about cooking. it's a lifelong art...the most practical apron I've found is from Harrod's in London...."



"I'm a vice-president of the Society for the Rehabilitation of the Facially Disfigured. Here, Dr. John Converse is showing me the results of an operation for Ocular Hypertelorism (moving abnormally spaced eyes closer together) at the Institute of Reconstructive Plastic Surgery....The dress? I wear this Adolfo knit practically every day."

Mrs. Buckley photographed at their Connecticut weekend house where life is the sea and ten or twenty guests for a relaxed weekend...."Here I live in Army-Navy surplus coats, jeans, turtlenecks, straw hats by Adolfo that by now are shaped by the wind."...

FASHION PERSONALITY:

Mrs. William F. Buckley, Jr.



Mr. and Mrs. Buckley arrive at La Grenouille: "It's Peter Glenville's birthday party, and I'm wearing an old Oscar dress that's always right for this kind of thing—black crêpe, pretty white collar and cuffs."

Manhattan duty: walking the dogs. Pat Buckley wears her cinnamon suède Halston coat trimmed with red fox, nice and warm all the way to the ankles....

Off to her weekly art class at the Metropolitan Museum, Pat Buckley in a swirl of grey cashmere cape from Halston, "I bought this to take to Switzerland, but I fly all over New York in it...."

Mrs. Buckley's wardrobe is heavy on black, natural browns, rich violets, and blues...leather, suède, and knits....Here she wears green suède by Adolfo as Maurice Valenti plays his own composition for her before one of the weekly dinner-with-music-after evenings at the Buckleys for ten or fifteen guests....



ALEXIS WALDECK

1972-THE NEW NONCHALANCE IN FASHION

For once, it isn't a hemline or a waistline that's going to change the way you look in your clothes. It's a whole *mood* of dressing—a nonchalance—and it's been coming on since fall. The sportswear attitude is part of it—that kind of easy, racy attractiveness—but with a glamor and luxe you haven't seen before. Until now. . . . Everything we're about to show you—the coats you pull on like small, cozy sweaters; the sweatery offhandedness of dresses, pants suits; the hats that fit on the head the way a sweater fits on the body; the sweaters themselves, like Russian blousons or little knotted shirts; the pale, whitened, wheaty colorings, and the softness of the fabrics—all this nonchalance stands for change in 1972. Not the sky-is-falling, empty-your-closets change so dear to the hearts of city desk editors and TV newsmen. But change in the sense that fashion is always moving, always turning corners—and rarely in the arbitrary way you may have been led to believe. Myth to the contrary, fashion has its reasons—gypsies, love beads and feathers, whatever: every look that holds on long enough to make friends and enemies reflects something of its era—something of its tastes and distastes, its humor, its tempo. In a very quick, very vivid way, fashion describes us to ourselves and how we live in our times . . . which, in 1972, is faster, more freely, and more interestingly than any women in history. . . . This is the era of the woman who cares about how she looks but doesn't care to spend her day thinking about it. She gets up, puts herself together well, and goes on about her business—and that's that. Once she's got them on, she wants to be able to relax into her clothes—forget them—know that she's correct in them, attractive, and that they will take her not only where she's going but where she just might, on the turn of a whim, decide to go instead—or as well as—or maybe not. . . . And this, in case it hasn't crossed your mind, is what fashion is all about today. About women . . . today.

this Sweater, this makeup, this hair— *this is the look for day*

What do you say about a simple little body shirt (right) that ties in a knot? Except that it's angora. Good with pants, skirts. And why it opens these pages is that it has a lot going for it and a lot to give—it is Nonchalance (and Halston) to the life. . . . Much of the same can be said of the hair. Call it long short or short long, as you like. We love it: enough length to swing, not enough to droop. Soft, lifty, perfect. . . . As for the face of the year: it wears more color, more openly than faces have worn for day in ages. With reason: it's so pretty—clear, sheer—the skin seems to light right through. On the brow bone, blended out and around: Yellow, the cleaner of skin. Everything else peachy: Peach in the crease of the eye, on the lid. Peachy face, cheeks. . . .

Angora-and-wool shirt (about $120), cashmere pants (about $200): to order, at Halston Limited. All makeup: Love by Menley & James. Fashion Tress wig, arranged by Maury Hopson. Accessory details, see next to last page this issue.

DAVID BAILEY





PALE—WITH A NEW
NONCHALANCE

sweater-dressing—the

Cardigan coat over layers

These colors layered this way, *at left,* this is the mood of fashion now: this much coat—this small and light, this dégagé—a sweater, really, just pulled around and tied or hanging loose, as here, over a matching wheat wool jumper and a beautiful shirt of natural pongee. . . . The understatement of the year, from Oscar de la Renta.

Of Yves Gonnet brushed wool; silk pongee. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Swanson's; Sakowitz; El Palacio de Hierro, Mexico City.

sweater-dressing—the

Russian shirt over pants

A sweater for the year—this year, *right:* wheaty cashmere ribs with the long, blousing, side-buttoned line of a Russian shirt (watch for more in this vein; what you don't find here in the way of nonchalance isn't worth having). It's simply one of those looks that takes no wearing; put it over marvelous pants—white linen where it's warm, grey cashmere where it's not—and forget it. You're dressed for the day—and very, very well—by Halston. . . . Beauty Prompter. The sweater dressing here—shimmery, shiny gloss over lips. It's done with a little Glossamer pot-full of Ripe Melon, Estée Lauder's mouth-watering new way with nonchalance.

Sweater, about $65; pants, about $100. To order at Halston Limited. Brentwood wig of Dynel. Both pages: coiffures arranged by Maury Hopson; accessory details, next to last page this issue.

DAVID BAILEY





PALE—WITH A NEW NONCHALANCE

changing the pants suit—the

Regency vest with a collar

Changed for the prettier, the softer, the more feminine: the pants suit, *left*, with a little collared vest like a Regency swell's, and put together in that spirit by Bill Blass . . . the dove-grey flannel . . . the crêpe shirt stocked at the neck, creamy enough for cambric tea and delicious against the pale grey.

Pants suit of wool (Stevens Andover flannel) loomed in America. Vest, about $38; pants, about $40. Acetate crêpe shirt, about $40. By Blassport. End of month, at Saks Fifth Avenue; B. Forman; O'Neil's; L. S. Ayres; Swanson's. Wig by Kenneth.

suit change—

B the one-Button blazer

Strict *and* luscious: the most beautiful tailor's suit in years, *right*—one-button blazer, small, Savile, and very easy over stock, vest, pleated skirt—in real honest-to-God Honan silk from the province of. . . . All the luxury is here, all the perfection—it's *the* suit. From Bill Blass. . . . Beauty Prompter. Don't turn pale just because clothes have—the blazer for your lips could be a double helping of gleamy color, like Almay's tiny, twin pot-ful of Bright Mango, Mango Gleamer—a shining example of it, above.

Blazer and skirt of Honan silk; vest and scarf of silk pongee (Sormani fabrics). By Bill Blass. Suit, at Saks Fifth Avenue; Hutzler's; Gus Mayer; Dayton's; Frost Bros. Fashion Tress wig of Elura. Both pages: coiffures arranged by Maury Hopson; accessory details, next to last page of this issue.

DAVID BAILEY





PALE—WITH A NEW NONCHALANCE

the coat that's a Sweater—in mohair

For the first time in a long time—and the timing is perfect: a coat made of mohair, *left*, weightless, cozy, soft as a soft white cardigan. Which is exactly how Calvin Klein has used it: no collar, no lining—something to just throw on over a shirt and pants, tie in an offhand way—and go. Great!

Coat of mohair, Du Pont nylon, and wool (Franetta Fabrics). About $120. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Hutzler's; Halle's-Cleveland; Swanson's; Frost Bros.

the jacket that's a Dazzler—in fur

The kind of fashion you need more than you think you need, *right*—for the wit and flirt and superstar glamorousness of it: Emeric Partos's long, long-haired wrappy fur jacket, silkened like monkey and pale with excitement. Wear it at night over long dresses, over black pyjamas. Wear it skiing. Be daring: belt it over flannel pants—and seize the day. . . .

Jacket, of Italian mountain goat, designed by Emeric Partos for Bergdorf Goodman; made to order. Both coiffures by Maury Hopson. All accessory details, next to last page.

DAVID BAILEY



the Russian shirt—

as a Dress

Turtleboated, rain-trapped, open almost to the hip, this year's must-have does it tale-as-tat wool jersey – the one you put on, stand up, wear from one end of the day to the other without giving it a second thought or knowing a moment's boredom. It has that kind of ease and style and luxury – a rehash, from Halston.

© Kasper Fabrics wool jersey, design as worn by Halston. 1977. © Halston Limited

PALE—WITH A
NEW NONCHALANCE

the Russian shirt—

as a Tunic

The thing to own—the Russian shirt in creamy matte jersey, long, soft, supple. So super you could live off it—anywhere, any season. Put it over cashmere pants for a day in town... over an ankle-length skirt at night. Or with its own jersey pants, as here, and lots of shining silver. Halston's, and *it-is-divine!*

Of Jasco Fabrics rayon matte jersey, about $300. To order, at Halston Limited. Elura wig, by Kenneth. Both coiffures by Maury Hopson. All accessories, next to last page.

DAVID BAILEY

NAVY—WITH A NEW
NONCHALANCE



This is just the coat you want for pants. For one thing, it's suède. For another, it's great —such a fine clip to the collar...such swing to the skirt in back...so good over pale chamois suède jeans, like these....The Beged-Or tailor who made this coat could have dressed the Byrons, the Brummels, and the whole dandy crowd!

Coat: Leslie Fulop for Beged-Or. About $145. At Bloomingdale's; Garfinckel's, Washington, D.C.; Bullock's Wilshire. Pants, about $260. By Halston Limited. At Bloomingdale's. Coiffure by Maury Hopson.

the Chopped coat—
navy suède

DAVID BAILEY



the Sweater coat— navy knit

Think of a man's double-breasted sweater—extended straight past the knee. That's how light, how easy, how unconstructed this Originala coat is. And still immaculately tailored, as you can see from the small high armholes, the faultless sweep to the notched revers. You've really got it both ways, with all the softness of Shetland, all the crispness of twill—that's the whole secret, and no mean task.

Woolmark coat: Originala designed by Ilie Wacs. About $425. At Bonwit Teller; Garfinckel's, Washington, D.C.; I. Magnin. Coif by Suga. Accessories, both pages, next to last page.



the dress for evening—with a

Dolman-sleeve jacket



Everything you want for evening is right here. Bill Blass's navy matte jersey dress with its own jacket has it all: the softness... the fluidity... the little dolman-sleeve cover—like wrapping yourself into a very small sweater and just heaven—with bareness under it... and the ankle length, perfect length now—and such a pretty one.

Of rayon matte jersey (Jasco Fabrics). By Bill Blass. About $445. Bonwit Teller; Jacobson's, Michigan; Swanson's; I. Magnin. Edith Imre wig of Kanekalon, arranged by Maury Hopson.

DAVID BAILEY

NIGHT—WITH A NEW
NONCHALANCE





the dinner suit—with a
Tailored blazer

A jacket as outdoorsy as a blazer! That's the smash of Calvin Klein's black sharkskin suit. Wrap your head, pin a jewel on, and you're set for dinner...in a restaurant...at someone's house. Then, when you strip off the precise jacket—surprise! Bare skin, lots of it. Suddenly, you're very glamorous. And the message gets across: nonchalance *plus* glamor at night.

Of Arnel sharkskin (Nashcombe Fabrics). By Calvin Klein. About $145. Saks Fifth Avenue; Halle's-Cleveland; Sakowitz. Schiaparelli wig of Elura, arranged by Suga. Accessory details, both pages, next to last page of this issue.

FOR A *BETTER* WORLD

By Sir Peter Medawar

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Sir Peter Medawar won the Nobel Prize for Medicine in 1960 for his work on immunology. He is currently investigating problems of immunity as they relate to tissue and organ grafting and the natural defenses of the body against cancers.*

The greatest philosopher who ever lived, Immanuel Kant of Königsberg (1724-1804), must often have been asked what he conceived philosophy to be, and fortunately we know his answer—from a lecture published after his death. Philosophy comprises the attempt to answer four questions: *What can I know? What may I hope? What ought I to do? What is man?*

In another of his writings Kant asks himself whether it is indeed possible to find a pathway that will lead towards the answers to these questions. Surely it must be possible, he reasons, for if not, "why should nature have visited our reason with the restless endeavor whereby it is ever searching for such a path as if this were one of its most important concerns?" The reasoning embodied in the answer to his fifth question is philosophically rather weak, but of the reality of the endeavor itself there can be no serious doubt. Scientists and scholars generally are not just problem-solving creatures; they are problem-seeking creatures, too. The motive force that lies behind the scientist's and technologist's almost compulsive desire for an understanding and mastery of nature is sometimes described as "curiosity" or "inquisitiveness," but these nursery words hardly do justice to what feels like a deep-seated biological impulsion (the "hunting feeling," I call it to myself; and I know that artists have very similar feelings, too). Now that we are beginning to learn something about the evolutionary depth of the human behavioral repertoire, we should not be surprised to find premonitions of exploratory behavior among lower animals. It is indeed true that rats from about three weeks of age are highly exploratory creatures—seeking, probing, and appraising incessantly. On the other hand, Hebb, Hymovitch, and Thompson have shown that rats and dogs brought up in a completely problem-free environment, in which there have been no problems to solve and no difficulties to overcome in satisfying their material needs, suffer a lifelong impairment of intelligence and awareness compared with animals reared in environments in which their capabilities have been repeatedly stretched. I believe that an exploratory impulsion in some form is a trait of some evolutionary antiquity, and is

WHAT CAN I KNOW?
WHAT MAY I HOPE?
WHAT OUGHT I TO DO?

correspondingly deep-rooted, as sexuality is, and the behavior that goes with it.

Although our strong impulsion towards "the effecting of all things possible" (Bacon's phrase) has some awe-inspiring achievements to its credit, we are going through a period of disenchantment with science and have misgivings about human capability generally, for the like of which we should have to go back to the early days of the seventeenth century.

There was plenty to worry about then, goodness knows: for one thing, everybody expected the world to end in the fairly near future, so that all ambition and aspirations were useless. ("We are almost the Last Posterity of the First men," said Thomas Burnet [and are] "fallen into the dying age of the world.") Worse still, people believed that human beings had undergone a physical and moral deterioration since a Golden Age in which they had lived a life of pastoral happiness, tranquility, plenty, and peace. There was a crisis of confidence, too ("Men despair and think things impossible," Bacon complained; Dr. Christopher Hill has called it a "failure of nerve").

There was, however, one facet of the seventeenth-century temperament that we might well envy today. In those days the great accomplishments of the new Philosophy (New Science) were thought to be a cooperative human enterprise and to bring credit to mankind as a whole. Little trace of this spirit remains today. There is a tendency to regard scientists and technologists as foreigners in our midst, up to all kinds of mischievous schemes we are not at all sure we approve of. ("Down with the scientists!" cries the crowd in the strip cartoon of Garth, the primitive wonder man.)

"What is the point," people ask, "of our traveling to the dark side of the moon? Where is it all leading us? And is there no natural goal or limit of achievement at which we can relax and put our own, present house in order?"

My own belief is that a return to Arcadia, the hypothetical habitat of the Golden Age, is impossible. In a world without aspiration and ambition, our faculties would quickly degenerate into self-interest and anarchy. Moreover, I doubt if it is technologically possible to put the clock back, because our whole pattern of living adjusts itself to the apparatus of living. We can't just leave the car in the garage and the telephone off the hook; if we all did so the world simply wouldn't work.

Opposite to the Arcadian daydream of a better world is the Utopian. In the Utopian vision, characteristic of scientists of all sorts, the world can be made a better place as a result of our own exertions—a daring and at one time an irreverent thought. When we think of a Utopia nowadays, we tend to think of a world set in the distant future or perhaps at the uttermost limits of space; but the old Utopias—Utopia itself, Christianopolis, and the City of the Sun—were contemporary societies discovered by chance in far-off seas (in those days, geographical exploration had much the same significance as space travel has today). In the old Utopias, there was no question of repudiating their still rudimentary science and technology; on the contrary, they were to be wisely used for the benefit of all. Today, some apocalyptic thinkers prefer to believe, and seem to want to believe, that our human exploratory impulsion is self-destructive. I believe that exactly the opposite is true—it is the repudiation of science and technology that would ultimately do us in. Technological solutions must be found for the miscarriages and misadventures of technology—the worst of which is the over-population problem, a direct consequence of advances in medicine and medically inspired technology; the essential point is that the remedy to the population problem itself lies in medicine and medical technology—and in the education without which they cannot be wisely used. It has always been understood that the main obstacle to the realization of Utopian ambitions is mankind itself, fallible and self-interested in spite of a physical environment and a social organization conducive to better life. The despoliation of the environment as a result of greed or lack of forethought is an ugly reminder of the obstacles that may so easily undermine Utopian ambitions. A revolution of sensibility is called for, and our treatment of the environment will measure its progress and success.

Some doubt exists about how long a human being can survive in a condition of physical weightlessness, but there can now be little doubt that the human race cannot long survive in a condition of moral weightlessness. Man cannot survive without the hope of progress that Francis Bacon gave to the seventeenth century or without a firm foothold in the world of grass and trees and clean water—the world that good citizens fear is being endangered by a technology that grows without social censorship. There is evidence that this revolution of sensibility is in progress, and for that reason I remain adamantly sanguine about the prospects for our further life on this planet.

What it amounts to is that, as moralists have always insisted, the most important of Kant's four questions is the third, "What ought I to do?" This is a matter upon which science and technology as such throw no direct light; but it is the conviction of all scientists that the search for understanding which science embodies is a human endeavor as fine and inspiring as any other manifestation of the human spirit and is therefore a necessary part of civilization.

It is of the utmost importance for human welfare that we should guard against a spiritless withdrawal from endeavor or a repudiation of reason in favor of some mysterious exotic source of truth.

In the gloomiest days of the seventeenth century, Sir Thomas Browne said it was "too late to be ambitious"—he feared that the world was shortly coming to an end in fulfillment of an apocalyptic prophecy. Many people in the twentieth century fear that we are in danger of destroying the world ourselves. The difference is that our predicament is remediable and it is too late *not* to be ambitious for the truth and understanding which is the goal of the restless endeavor. ▼

people are **TALKING** about...

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...1972, the year Nostradamus said would make the difference, maybe....The big replay of Cole Porter: Bobby Short's new album *Bobby Short Loves Cole Porter,* with some nifty newly discovered songs....The sculpture of Richard Serra, one of the most important and influential of the younger artists, who seems to play with gravity, leaning plates of steel like giant packs of cards; at the Whitney Museum of American Art in New York until January 9....Sir Laurence Olivier in the London stage production of Eugene O'Neill's *Long Day's Journey into Night,* an actor playing an actor with a fierce, proud despair....*The Art of the Old West,* a magnificent art book, a frenzied and Romantic stampede of images from the collection of the Gilcrease Institute in Tulsa, Oklahoma.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...The scary, growing controversy that now threatens schools across the country over the possible removal of funds for public schools and universities that began with a California Supreme Court decision about the uses of property tax for education....The revival of Charlie Chaplin and the American premiere of *A King in New York,* not shown here before for political reasons but now, after the deluge, seeming a rather childishly innocent film, as much vintage Chaplin as *City Lights* or *Modern Times*....*An Osborn Festival of Phobias,* a book of Robert Osborn's cartoons, cataloguing our fears from "Pteromechanophobia" (fear of flying in airplanes) to the persistent "Cacistophobia" (fear of the worst).

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...The canny collegiate speakers' bureau that gives out three prices for speakers on Women's Lib, depending on what they wear: $100 for pearls, $175 for jeans, and $250 for combat boots....*Artists and Photographs,* the cake-box-sized mix of photographic multiples, a portable gallery of new work by nineteen American and European artists who take and use photographs as part of their art, boxed with an introduction by Lawrence Alloway....Eileen Atkins, a sun power, and Claire Bloom, with the tug of the moon, in the New York version of *Vivat! Vivat Regina!,* the British hit by Robert Bolt about Elizabeth I.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT..."Molecular memory," the startling theory about how the brain works that seems to indicate, by tests on fish, mice, and rats, that memory can be transmitted biochemically by brain material, perhaps even from generation to generation, rather than "learned."...Van Morrison, stinging, sad, singing "Wild Night."...M.F.K. Fisher's pungent translation of Brillat-Savarin's *The Physiology of Taste,* the nineteenth-century book that did for food what *Lolita* did later for nymphets.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...The work of William Hogarth, a bawdy and unexpected island floating in the midst of eighteenth-century art, now on exhibit at the Tate Gallery in London....*Inner City,* the ghetto version of Mother Goose, staged by Tom O'Horgan whose other Broadway musical is *Jesus Christ Superstar*....The dispute raging in Europe over Maurice Béjart's ballet-biography *Nijinsky, Clown of God,* long on sex, but short on good dancing. . . . The American obsession with the new Chinese, and one of the newly arrived members of the United Nations overheard saying to an earnest cocktail-party questioner: "In China, vampires hop. It's faster than running."

Twiggy: The Boy Friend's *girl friend*

Twiggy—a beauty now reaching her full glory and starring in her first movie, *The Boy Friend,* the Sandy Wilson musical that made Julie Andrews a star at eighteen—so far has gotten by on big grey eyes and a less-is-more figure. Now, Twiggy is Polly Browne, a devilish deb, in Ken Russell's takeoff film version of *The Boy Friend,* an English cream-puff parody of all the most sappy syncopated Hollywood musicals. Unaware of Russell's rather jaded frame for the film, a seedy 'thirties rep company doing a 'twenties musical, Twiggy laughs, dances, sings through more glorious oversize production numbers than any girl friend could hope: "Me be a star? I still cry when Garbo conks out in *Camille.*" Twiggy isn't Garbo, but then *The Boy Friend* isn't *Camille.*

LONDON DAILY EXPRESS



GERMAINE GREER
talks with KATHLEEN TYNAN

about the undiscovered life of women, what blocks their genius, what can set them free.

Germaine Greer arrived to stay with us in Sardinia last summer mounted on a green motorbike and wearing a cotton smock, short shorts, and a pair of cork platform shoes. When we had unhitched her from the small and fragile machine, she stood well over six feet tall. Her baggage consisted of an adaptation she had made of Aristophanes's Lysistrata, a red bikini, and a Sardinian shepherd's pipe. She played the pipe the way she does most things, with delight and facility.

A few days later she left us, setting out by bike for Corsica, on her way to northern Italy. I trembled for her. Some among us thought the Corsican bandits would tremble, too.

I talked to her again recently at the Hotel Chelsea in New York:

KATHLEEN: What next?

GERMAINE: I don't want to go on being a pop-academic for the rest of my life. The Female Eunuch was one kind of effort to put certain ideas together in an ensemble that people could understand without feeling teased or perplexed. But I'm really interested in the problems of motivation of women artists and what happens to them. One of the things, for example, that has really torn me apart is Diane Arbus's suicide last summer because she was an extraordinary photographer, probably one of the best, and made a name for herself in a field that is not dominated by women. There's Virginia Woolf and Sylvia Plath in the back of our minds as well. It's very hard to justify Sylvia Plath's self-destructiveness, though people say "Oh, but Sylvia was always trying to kill herself" in a condemnatory way.

K.: So how do you explain these casualties?

G.: I think what happens is they don't externalize the conflict. Women are always encouraged to internalize it, because we've got a personal and internal destiny. Women are, men do. So a girl who's doing is always worried about what she is. My editor, who is a Freudian, expressed it quite neatly. He said the best way to think of it is in terms of contradictory motivations which just fret the woman to pieces—I mean she just can't go on any more, at the moment of her greatest achievement, the contradiction is unbearable.

There's such a conspiracy to conceal these things. I mean, if you read Virginia Woolf's diaries, when you get to the point where the stress is plainly building up and her ladylike veneer is beginning to crack, suddenly there's a bit of diary that's not there. There's silence about all Virginia's worst moments. Now, one needs to know what the obsessions were. But they've been elided, just as Byron's homosexuality was elided, so one of the most important facets in that man's revolt against Western society is lost to us. They burned his autobiographical novel to protect his reputation. Well, the only way to protect an artist's reputation is to tell the truth.

K.: What else contributes to the pattern of self-destruction?

G.: I think that the relationship they had with their menfolk is important, that even an apparently supportive man like Leonard Woolf is not good for a creative artist. There's a tension in that relationship. There's a submission to another will which is foreign to artistic endeavor. If I were still living with my husband, I never would have written anything. Just because he was patronizing about my efforts, and it never occurred to me to say what the fuck do you know about anything.

K.: Even the most emancipated men will put a woman down for pursuing her work seriously. "A very tough cookie" is the description she's awarded.

G.: There's fantastic pressure against a woman's achievement. There may be the difficulty of concentrating on her work, because she has emotional situations that loom enormously. And so all her attempts at self-control, which a man would never consider because he knows he must rise above his emotional entanglements, all that strong-willed effort to keep producing, is labeled as an emotional inability.

K.: That's when they begin to apologize in their work for themselves.

G.: Yes, I'm fascinated by models of female experience that turn up in women's writing, like Olive Schreiner's character Lyndall. The Lyndall syndrome appears again and again from the very beginning of female writing. You create an incredible female character who says marvelous things, who's vibrating with spiritual strength and zeal, and then you let her die, slowly. The female author, the creator of this character, picks her to pieces with cruel fingers. Lyndall's death, which is utterly unmotivated in The Story of an African Farm takes—what?—a hundred pages of slow nummification and death. You get situations where a woman writer will give herself a male surrogate to do the things she's always wanted to do in her novel. Charlotte Brontë's Villette, for example, is an account of her experiences in a Belgian school. But before she wrote Villette, she wrote a novel that has the same story; it has the same characters except that her narrator is a young English teacher who falls in love with the language instructress—in other words, this young English teacher falls in love with Charlotte Brontë, and she consummates her own love affair with herself in the book. A brilliant piece of alter-ego projection that alongside Villette gives an extraordinary insight into Brontë's character and the passionate fretting-away that she indulged.

K.: What evidence is there that creative women fared better in other societies?

G.: We really have very little information, beyond Robert Gravesian projections, of any society that was actually ruled by the maternal principle, a counterpart of the paternal principle. The correct opposition in history seems to be paternal or fraternal; and the fraternal societies are always matrist, that is, feminine characteristics are embedded in their culture and treated with respect. You find that the aristocratic society of the Middle Ages is matrist.

K.: What examples of unsung female culture have you come across?

G.: There's the peasant culture of women singing and dancing. A kind of culture that gives rise to one of the scenes that I put in my adaptation of Lysistrata where the women have a sexual battle with the men. I was thinking of something they used to do in Sardinia where the women come to a dying man and squirt him in the face with milk from their breasts to bring him back to the threshold of life.

K.: So, your next book will be in pursuit of creative women?

G.: Women's creativity on a general scale. I'm also interested in the way in which art is evaluated, because women have always been active artistically in one way or another, even if they've only made patchwork quilts. Why is it that we evaluate, say, an abstract painting in an entirely different way from the way we would evaluate a quilt which is in itself an abstract collage?

K.: What other women have you come across whose work has been undervalued?

G.: There's a series of painters in America, women who painted Biblical subjects and gave away the paintings to traveling salesmen and peddlers in part payment for goods. They regarded them as too trifling to sign. I have a little bracelet made by Zuni Indian women of tiny slivers of turquoise, ornamented with drops of silver. That particular jewel is the most extraordinarily unselfconscious and beautiful emanation. But women just don't evaluate their work.

K.: Which is ironic because most artistic effort is probably overvalued.

G.: I think that we now have the sanction to speak of the environment as a work of art so that a woman's traditional work of art—the house that she lived in—can now be understood as such. As can their ceramics, their jewelry, and embroidery. Clothing, too. I mean we're just beginning to understand the artistic function of clothes. I think we've at last got to the point (Continued on next page)

GERMAINE GREER, *right,* author of the best-selling book *The Female Eunuch,* the brainy charmer for Women's Lib who has just adapted the ancient Greek play *Lysistrata* for the British National Theatre, is a very tall Australian, once an actress, with a Ph.D. in literature. Her outspoken views bring stormy response. "My nastiest letters come from the English," she said. To answer the worst abuse, she has invented a secretary named Olga Knopf who writes tough one-line replies on postcards: "Dr. Greer instructs me to tell you. . . ."



Women have no property because nearly everything in their houses belongs to their husbands.

(Continued) where we don't think that art is something twelve inches by eight inches that costs $500,000 in Sotheby's.

K.: In spite of the fact that women have been so repressed, it still seems surprising that no really formidable female talent has emerged. We haven't produced a genius.

G.: Yes, but it's also amazing what a high incidence of sexual deviance there is among the male geniuses we produced. Shakespeare, Michelangelo, and Leonardo, for example. I'm not sure that it can be explained entirely satisfactorily at this distance, because we're still inside the syndrome that produces the inability. But I am mad enough to think that if I really go on reading all the women writers in The British Museum, I will discover a giant. Somewhere "a great Prince in prison lies." My prince or princess—I'm not particular whether she has a suffix or not—maybe she's as dykey as all get out. In order to rescue women from the kind of opprobrium they languish in, we're just going to have to be a bit chauvinist about our own art. Although, I must say, I've spent the summer reading one woman's book after another and I got more and more desperate. If I read any more of these egocentric, vain, flirtatious, destructive books, I'll go nuts. Without reverence, without tenderness, self-engrossed, and pettifogging. And then, you know, you read someone who is really good—you reread one of the early Muriel Spark's, such as Girls of Slender Means: such extraordinary tenderness with her characters. There's such a marsh of bad female writing mainly undertaken because there's nothing much else to do, and you can do it at home.

K.: Wouldn't life be pleasanter for women if they reorganized their labor? But it wouldn't change their status.

G.: The whole point is that reorganization would be cooperative and not hierarchical; it would create a fraternal structure and not a paternal structure. It wouldn't be based on property. Women don't actually have any property because nearly everything in their houses belongs to their husbands.

K.: Yes, but over half the wealth in America belongs to women.

G.: Money that is, in fact, manipulated by trust companies, often for widows. They own it in name only. I believe that one of the things that the more Establishment kinds of women's liberation should do is work to release some of that money for women's use. Women could also cut down on their consumption—not buy a new car or a washing machine for a year. Now if that happened, it would probably mean that the country's economy would completely collapse. There would be a crisis of confidence at every level of the structure of this country and anything could rise from the ruins.

K.: But women aren't likely to cut down on consumption.

G.: Oh, I'm not so sure. There's a strategy there that people ignore because they're hooked on ideas of military strategy.

K.: So the first priority is cooperation on a local scale?

G.: Which is a lot harder than spouting and going to meetings. What is needed is a day-to-day tiny alteration of the environment like water dripping on a stone.

K.: Do you ever feel burdened by the "spouting and the going to meetings"?

G.: Yes, a bit because of the vagaries of my own life; and I don't seem to be as well as I should be. It's getting to the stage where I can watch the syndrome so clearly. Whereas when I'm at home working and thinking and talking I'm fine.

K.: You'd feel happier working on a book?

G.: At the moment I feel a bit that way. We have to deepen our own position now and I would like to assume more intellectual solidity because it would be good for The Female Eunuch and it would be good for the movement.

K.: You argued in The Female Eunuch that women are more similar physically and biologically than they are dissimilar to men. What would you say are the important differences?

G.: There's one difference we're sure of, which is between the physical strength of men and women for certain kinds of effort. Women haven't the same power for concerted muscular power as men. That's all. But even that distinction between men and women has been exaggerated. Men spend a lot of time trying to live up to an overstated difference. Someone like Norman Mailer has no defense against age, because he thinks his sexual identity is caught up with his physical strength. But it's not true.

As for other differences, I can't say. You see I've no sanction to say. All I know is that whatever they are, they've been hopelessly exaggerated; and we'll only come back to some true statement by beginning to react against that conditioning. Nazi anthropologists of the 'thirties tried to prove the evolutionary superiority of the Aryan race by pointing to the great distinctions between male and female. Aryan man is hirsute in body and Aryan woman is not, whereas Black men are not hirsute and much more like their women. Also, Black women have much thicker muscle tone than Aryans—much more like their men. But what is really reflected, of course, in the similarity of the bodies of the "inferior" races is the similarity of the lives that they lead.

K.: What might women contribute if they had more political power?

G.: I don't know whether politics will only be humanized by women, but I'm sure it can't be done without them. Women have never had a chance to exercise power, so they've never suffered that peculiar distortion of character that comes with having the lives of people in your hands. But it would be dreadful if now, when we've got a chance to right the balance, women tottered straight back to the other end and unbalanced the whole situation.

K.: Reaction against the male polarity brings us to the whole question of gay liberation.

G.: We already know that seeking for genetic explanations of that behavior is a pretty dead-end procedure. It seems much more correct to explain homosexuality as a reaction of disgust by people who feel incapable for various reasons of behaving in a correct masculine fashion; and it seems to me that if we're going to keep the situation on an even keel, if we're going to get into the kind of fruitful interaction between the sexes that we want, we've got to keep open a continuum with gay liberation. I mean, it's like we are all foreign scum, you know, we are all gay, we are all queer, we are all perverts, deviates, and freaks, because that's the only sane and honorable thing to be in 1972.

K.: A man can fail sexually, but a woman never can. Do you agree?

G.: This view derives from our sexual ignorance. The fact is we know very little about each other's pleasure and we've got no way of ever measuring it, Masters and Johnson included. There's really no way they can measure the amount of psychosexual release. Men don't care if a woman hasn't got an erection. They go blundering away just the same. But if a man hasn't got an erection it's obvious. Yet I don't really think that when a man doesn't have an erection it means that he's not excited. I've known some men who, because they're so excited, just could not operate.

What's happening with all this concentration on the clitoris is that we are beginning to localize female sexual response in the same way that man's is, which means that maybe it will work more efficiently, but there may be a general loss in erotic response. You see, if our sexuality was less genital, we wouldn't have to be so bloody worried about sexual experimentation with our children.

K.: You've never been attracted to the idea of a pair bond?

G.: Oh, I've been attracted to it all right, it's just that it has such a dreadful effect on me. I can't allow it to go on. I turn into such a feeble, insecure, moaning bore. And I think now I've passed that stage—I don't think I am attracted to pair bonding any more at all.

The thing about a communal household, which I want to set up, would be that most of my friends are reprobates, and there'd probably be a very interesting succession of bedmates who came and went. I think it would be a fairly varied environment. Obviously, it would be necessary to get out of it occasionally and shut your bedroom/study door and say I'm not going to speak to anybody for the next day.

K.: Would you like to have children?

G.: Passionately. I think about it all the time because I've arrived at a point in my life where the notion of having a child has become very erotically attractive to me, but I just cannot see that I can offer a child any decent chance of happiness. I haven't got it together and I owe it to the child not to bring him into the world until I can say I did my best. ▼

KATHLEEN TYNAN, *right,* writer and critic, mother of two children, a girl four and a boy seven months old, wife of Kenneth Tynan, the theater critic and literary adviser for The National Theatre of Great Britain, lives in London in a house in South Kensington with her family and an "enormous number of cats." With a friend, she has begun to collect books for a library of works by women "about being women." "Talking with Germaine is really a front for my personal instruction. I should do a series, but she'd say it was a cop-out."



HOME BIRTH: A FEAST OF JOY

by Caterine Milinaire

"Good, shaky, crazy, incredible"—having a baby at home is an adventure of mind and body

"May the magic of our baby's birth keep the smile eternally shining within and around us"
What a strange fate humans have inflicted upon themselves: the fear of birth and the wish to be desensitized before witnessing the incredible body-quake happening....

If one has been so traumatized through youth as to think childbirth a painful experience, nature has provided nine full months of preparation—time to think deeply about the new life. Time to adjust to body changes, time to breathe and stretch, time to get into healthy nutrition, time to erase antique concepts and figure out a personal code through intuition and common sense.

A new life is coming

Children don't need us—we need them more than they need us. A child, the irresistible magic gift, the real bond, the total blend of two souls. The Zero Population Growth movement is making us desperately aware of earth's critical overpopulation threat. It's time more than ever to be fully conscious of every phase of childing: conception in total ecstasy...pregnancy fully wished by both parents and carried through with thoughtful health care...and the climax: birth as the greatest feast of joy to be shared with anyone who wishes to participate.

A slow evolution occurred in my mind from the time I decided to have a child until the sixth month of pregnancy. The more I went to see doctors and looked over hospitals, the more I was convinced a home should be the place where the baby should be born—it became an obsession.

New York couldn't be the place: no air, no space, no peace, no rest. One day, a friend talked about sunny Santa Fe in New Mexico; the same day, another friend passed by telling us about the beautiful adobe house he bought there and about that other one for rent. Everything was beginning to fit. Oxygen for the baby, quiet rest, more time to be together in this sweet life meant to be enjoyed.

Once in Santa Fe I called the ASPO (American Society for Psychoprophylaxis in Obstetrics) who recommended two doctors. The first one I telephoned turned out to be extremely kind and calm and with me convinced Mati, the baby's father, of the positiveness of home delivery. This new baby won't need liberating; it will be born free.

At the ninth month

The house is full of friends. Everyone is so impatient. Every day there's a new invention to induce the baby to show up. Syncopated chants, walks to the top of the mountain, painting the crib with good-prospect symbols, long mineral baths at Warm Springs under the falling snow, drinking raw milk, reading a childbirth manual.

I am in no rush. I walk around proudly, tuning in to that other life moving along with mine. I laugh when we both feel so good I can run, dance, and swim, knowing the baby is enjoying all this from inside.

In the middle of the night the baby pressures me to get up, move around, and get rid of the liquid squashing it. As if it were a teacher of life, the baby tells me: "Enough routine, get rid of your time habits, sleep at different hours, hear the night, see the dawn, feel yourself grow with me." I sleep-walk and sleeptalk with my baby.

Looking at me, fortune-tellers announce—a boy. Tarot-card expert draws out "male"; when I am asked for a preference—"a boy, a girl?"—I honestly don't care! Often at the end of my daily breathing exercises, I would try very hard to center on sensing the sex of the baby—but nothing happened. During the seventh month I had a dream: giving birth to a girl. She was lying next to me, a newborn. The next dream image was her at seven playing with an angel, Eleonore. Then she was my age, a twin sister sitting on a cloud. Last came a mother figure, fading, while I was still in my 1971 state, experiencing my daughter for the flash of half a century.

I am ready—no panic

I know the baby has to come out and will do it in its time. Curious? Yes, extremely, since I can't really figure out what the coming forth of this new life will do to me....Friends, experts, books, films, nothing is descriptive enough—it's the personal mind-body experience. Apprehension? No, I know it must be a joyous event; otherwise, would women keep on having more than one child?

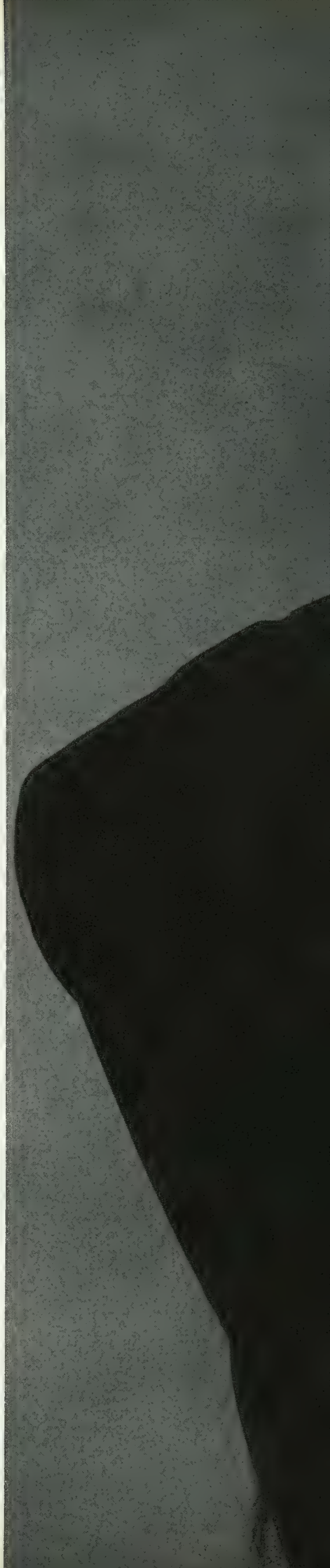
Where is delivery day going to surprise me? One night on the road from Taos back to Santa Fe, my body starts shaking at the same moment as the car stalls, in the middle of a mountain climb. I lie down on the back seat preparing to have the baby in the car ...three or four contractions over half an hour...the body was only tuning up.

A week later. I go to bed late, fluid starts running down my legs, a little, no more. I fall asleep, but in the middle of the night a dream? Reality? Am I swimming in a warm pool? The rest of the liquid has been expulsed. Mild muscle contractions. A pull-let-go motion. Of course, nothing the way I had imagined. I feel an incredible urge to empty my body of all waste material. To be completely alone and figure out the strange spasms overtaking, with strength, my insides. Even though I had not planned consciously to confine myself, I lock myself up in the bathroom.

Everything was ready, at hand's reach, for the easiest development possible

The mandala Mati painted for me to focus on while out-breathing the contractions [Mati Klarwein is a painter of intricate dreamscapes whose room made up of sixty-four paintings, "The Aleph Sanctuary," has been mined for pop record-album covers.]...a candle—it was dark and I felt the bathroom light would be too bright...my favorite purple cotton T-shirt, pillows, a foam mattress covered with batik.

(Continued on page 122)



MOTHER AND CHILD: *Serafine began her life in the presence of loving people.*

Caterine Milinaire—a laughing, serious young woman, slender, grey-eyed, here with her happy baby, now nine months old—is writing a book about the home-birth experience—for her an ecstatic one, though not recommended by most doctors, who place the emphasis on safety for mother and child.

PENN







DENIS CAMERON

Gloria Emerson

a blazing American journalist who never cools to the people, the pain, the heroisms and cruelties of war, writes her diary from Vietnam

"The Long Woman" walks Beggars, cripples, shoals of Vietnamese children, left, wait for Gloria Emerson, blue-eyed, nervy beanpole correspondent for The New York Times in Saigon since 1970. In 1956 she worked with "Operation Brotherhood" in Vietnam on refugee health problems, then in New York with the American Friends of Vietnam and with the International Rescue Committee. For her reporting from Vietnam in 1971 she won the George Polk Memorial Award. Above: Gloria Emerson on an unarmed helicopter with a wounded infantryman. Of the "grunts," she said, "They are brave: but, seeing them, I am not."

NANCY MORAN

June 1 "What is it?" they ask each other. They mean me. It is mostly the children in the villages who cannot make out what I am—man or woman—or perhaps something in between? They have never seen an American woman before. I am too long and too narrow in my mock-military clothes and boots to be a woman. Vietnamese females look nothing like me. I have long hair and wear rings and big sunglasses, but so did the GIs they once saw. The children follow me in small squealing squads, the bolder ones trying out the English words they heard American soldiers use.

"Fuck you, fuck you," the little boys sometimes shout when they see me on roads.

"Okay, okay," they scream. "No sweat, no sweat." They like to pull the hair on my arms when I am close enough.

June 2 *Phu Cat Air Base, Binhdinh Province.* The young American pilots who bomb Indochina from here are very polite. Men who mentally mow their lawns on time and love their wives. Big-boned, calm, earnest men with arranged faces. What they drop are the five-hundred- and two-thousand-pound bombs—and napalm—but no one here mentions this. Civilians tend to become so overwrought. In the Officers' Club they pretend to want to know why GIs in Nam are on heroin.

"How could a man fall so low?" one captain asks me. The next day I unnerve the white, fussy Air Force Information Officer by going to talk to some Blacks in their hootch. The Blacks tell me, with a kind of weary scorn, how the pilots come back after a napalm drop and talk about it in that military male babytalk Americans use.

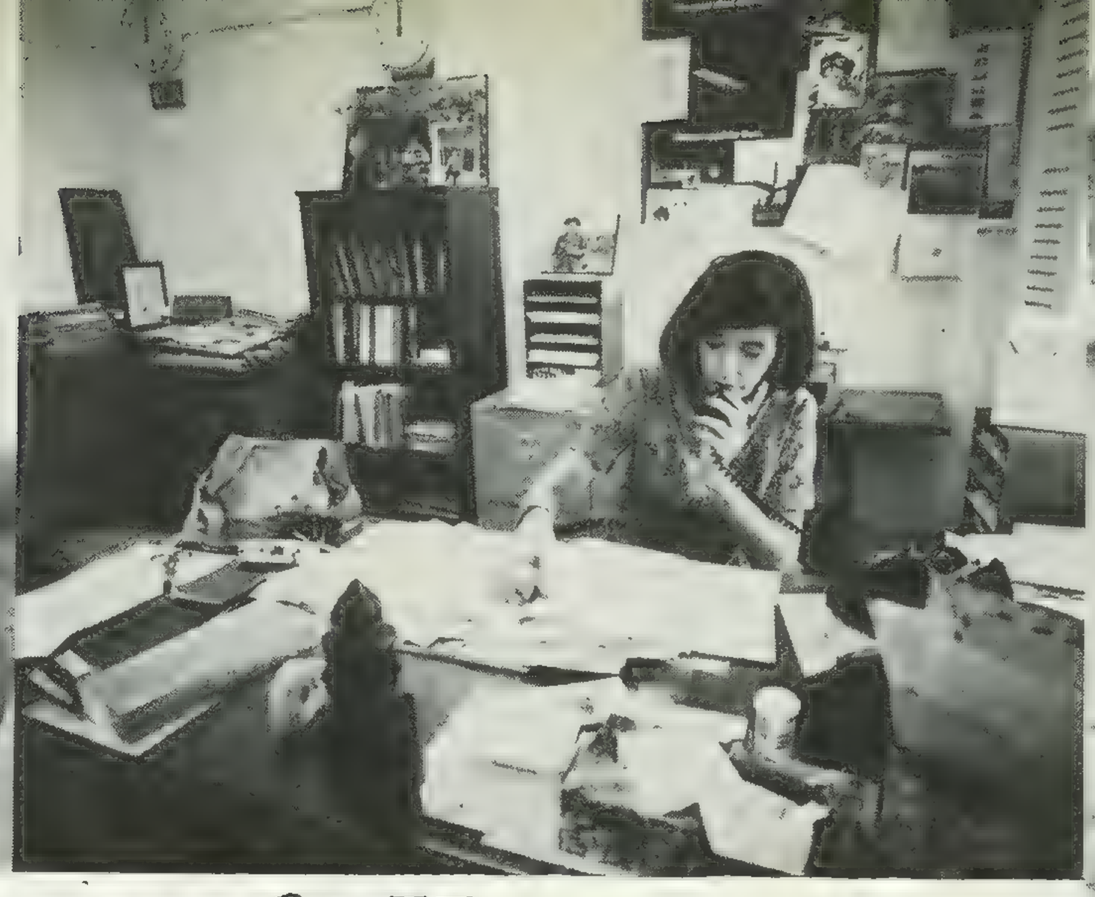
"They say 'We blew their heads off and made 'em crispy fritters,' " one Black says. It means: the pilots bomb the bunkers, called heads, and then burn with "nape" the enemy troops who were inside them.

June 16 *Danang.* The special police let Luong [Nguyen Ngoc Luong, G.E.'s Vietnamese interpreter, photographer] and me talk to two children arrested for helping the Vietcong. A twelve-year-old boy, Nguyen Dinh Chinh, carried explosives for them. The boy is in terror. He leans against

(Continued on following page)







Gloria Emerson, full speed

Left, from top down: Gloria Emerson with more of the Vietnamese children who trust her love and understanding. First, with the "dust of life," bui doi—children made wanderers by war—who find shelter in a Danang house, one of many, run privately by an American actor, Dick Hughes. Next, Gloria Emerson sees paraplegic children cared for by the Committee of Responsibility; with them, a social worker, Hoa Fox, the Vietnamese wife of American newsman Tom Fox. On the tray with the Emerson breakfast of coffee: remedies, vitamins she seldom swallows, two Buddhas for luck, hope. An eighty-four-year-old man in bottom photograph joins the children in ogling the first American woman they've seen.

Above, center: A motorcycle takes Gloria Emerson out into the villages; one of them is called Trung Lap—"neutrality."

Above, right: On the wall of her office at The New York Times's bureau, Gloria Emerson writes what moves her, e.g., a Vietnamese saying, "If we fail, hope shifts to our sons."

Opposite: The lone woman in the Danang military air terminal, Gloria Emerson waits, talks, interviews, at ease with the army.

NANCY MORAN

Luong on a couch, speaking in a voice so small that the police cannot even hear him.

"I am so frightened," the boy tells Luong over and over. He was tortured once. What makes him quiver and weep is being in solitary confinement. He is always hungry. The police do not look embarrassed when he weeps. But they look annoyed when they realize I am in tears, too.

The second prisoner is an eleven-year-old girl. Pham Thi Hoa is frail, fiercely proud, and trembling so much I cannot look at her. The policemen complain of how "stubborn" she is and how she only fears one thing. It is having her hair cut. One of the policemen tells us how he has offered to adopt the girl. He repeats the offer. The child looked at him and then answered in a clear voice:

"I prefer to stay in prison," she said.

June 19 *Duc Duc District, Quang Nam Province.* I sleep in a tiny room down in a bunker and have the same bad dreams. The half-a-dozen Americans here are disciplined, disillusioned, and fed up. Major Trapnell is very courteous and correct. The Vietnamese officials look on Duc Duc, a tiny district town overrun last March, as the end of their earth. It is exile. They would prefer to fight than to stay in such a place where there is no escape. Duc Duc has one small thatched-roof café. Nothing else. The district chief is a Vietnamese career officer who aches to get out.

"This job is too complicated. I am not a politician," he said. The villagers despise him because he is a stranger who stays away from them. At night he watches movies inside the Americans' living quarters. The screen is a plastic tablecloth. Vietnamese soldiers watch from the outside.

I am suspected by the Vietnamese intelligence officers here. They saw me talking to the six Vietcong prisoners who were flown away this morning. One of them was a seventeen-year-old pregnant woman who had been a nurse with the Vietcong. I gave her some money. Others saw me do it. No one took the money from her.

"Is that a Vietcong jacket you wear?" a Vietnamese captain asks. I laugh and show him the label of my bush jacket made three years ago in Nairobi. He looks puzzled, but unconvinced of anything.

July 8 It is War Veterans' Day. Luong and I go to an exhibition at City Hall where there are glass eyes, hooks to be used as hands, and pink artificial legs and displays. Any Vietnamese, after all, can be a disabled veteran. President Nguyen Van Thieu has so many bodyguards around him that he is well protected from talking to any veterans at all. A man on crutches is knocked down as he tries to hand Thieu a letter. He lies on the floor while the President ignores him, and the U.S. Ambassador looks the other way. The man's name is Dang Diep. He was wounded by a Vietcong mine in 1959. Four men finally pick him up.

His legs are dead, he tells us politely.

July 15 At the Barsky Unit, a hospital of reconstructive plastic surgery run by the private foundation called the Children's Medical Relief International, there is a Cambodian boy whose village was bombed. There is nothing on that frail body that still looks like human skin except for the soles of his feet. Denis Cameron, who has photographed four wars, cannot take a picture of him, and his face shows how he feels. The Cambodian boy only stares up at us.

July 19 *In Trung Lap Village, Nau Ngia Province.* The name of the village means neutrality, and it is near Saigon. This morning, just before we drove down the dirt road leading to it, a fourteen-year-old boy with the Vietcong tried to blow up an army vehicle. He failed. He was captured by the frisky fifteen-year-olds who are in the Peoples' Self Defence Force. But the older, more calculating men of the Regional Forces, the provincial militia, arrive and are jealous. They point their M-16 rifles at the PSDF and take the prisoner as their own.

The Vietcong have come in twice to threaten the middle-aged males who live in one hamlet. The hamlet chief apologizes because he cannot invite me to his office although it is midafternoon. He is afraid the VC might blow it up. If I am hurt, he will be in trouble.

August 1 The Vietnamese cartoonist who signs his work CAP says that he wants to draw the front of the Independence Palace, where President Thieu lives, as a building made of bones. Men's bones. Each time I pass that vulgar white building I see what he sees.

August 5 A Vietnamese saying: "If we fail, hope shifts to our sons." I write it on the wall in the office.

August 10 There is a rose plant on my terrace that blooms unex- (Continued on page 117)

NGUYEN NGOC LUONG



A plaid shepherd
wants a
velvet blazer

What do
the Great Girls want?

Great Jacket



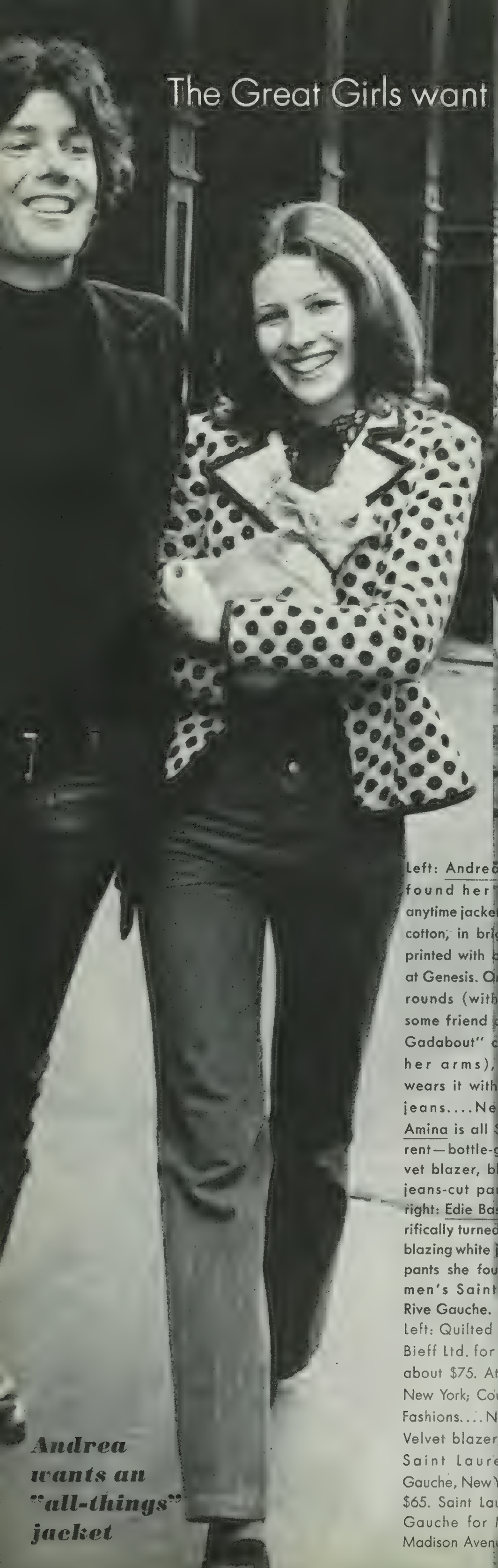
The modern girl of today is the Great Girl. What these two Great Girls want—and got—is what we all want: the jacket that's indispensable in our life. A nice nifty sort of jacket that goes with almost everything we own—from a pair of pants in the morning to a sexy bare dress at night. And if it's velvet, that's even better. Left, Cybill Shepherd (delicious long-limbed blond student and on-the-way movie actress, too, currently knocking them out as the pretty, bitchy girl in *The Last Picture Show*) wears her black velvet blazer—from the women's Saint Laurent Rive Gauche—with a creamy silk shirt, polka-dot tie, and jodhpur-cut corduroy pants from the New York Saint Laurent Rive Gauche for Men....Right, Kitty Hawks (young, brunette, arresting, with glorious cats-colored eyes) found her velvet jacket at Saint Laurent's men's Rive Gauche—proving that it doesn't matter where you find it—if it's right, buy it. Of quilted black velvet laced with big chrome zippers here and there, Kitty wears it with grey flannel pants, red mittens, a red chiffon scarf—and nothing underneath.

Left: Velvet blazer, about $185. At Saint Laurent Rive Gauche, New York; Sakowitz, Rive Gauche, Beverly Hills....Right: Velvet zip-up jacket, about $170. This one, at Saint Laurent Rive Gauche for Men, 543 Madison Avenue, New York. Accessories, this page, next to last page

Kitty Hawks wants a velvet zipper-upper

BERRY BERENSON

The Great Girls want fifty jackets...





Left: Andrea Portago found her all-day-anytime jacket of quilted cotton, in bright yellow printed with black dots, at Genesis. On her daily rounds (with a handsome friend and "Miss Gadabout" cuddled in her arms), Andrea wears it with her blue jeans....Near right: Amina is all Saint Laurent—bottle-green velvet blazer, black satin jeans-cut pants....Far right: Edie Baskin is terrifically turned out in the blazing white jacket and pants she found at the men's Saint Laurent Rive Gauche.

Left: Quilted jacket by Bieff Ltd. for Genesis, about $75. At Genesis, New York; Country Club Fashions....Near right: Velvet blazer, $185. At Saint Laurent Rive Gauche, New York. Pants, $65. Saint Laurent Rive Gauche for Men, 543 Madison Avenue, N.Y....

Andrea wants an "all-things" jacket

Amina wants a blazer—Edie wants a great pants look

pants and skirts



Far left: Nancy North is another girl who's discovered a good jacket covers a lot of ground. Hers, by Vous Y Etes, is black cotton flannel printed with bright-blue, apricot posies. Above: Andrea Portago and Kitty Hawks are caught by the paparazzi photographer leaving La Grenouille restaurant looking super in their swingy skirts. Andrea's black-and-white printed silk crêpe skirt is from Boutique Knap in Paris; Kitty's white wool jersey, from Sibley & Coffee. Far left: Flannel jacket, $46. At Henri Bendel.... Far right: White jersey skirt (fabric by Meyer Woolens) about $105. At Saks Fifth Avenue. Accessories, both pages next to last page.

Nancy wants a cardigan to "go with everything"

Andrea and Kitty want skirts that swing

BERRY BERENSON

Paris: advance report—

Today's clothes for today's women

from Saint Laurent Rive Gauche

HELMUT NEWTON

Yves Saint Laurent hits to the hilt with exactly what's right for modern dressing: he takes the simplest, most wearable things—sweaters and skirts, jackets and pants—and, somehow, with his magic, instills them with new life, allure—and fashion. On these four pages, a look at the Saint Laurent clothes everybody wants (and can find in his boutiques across the country next month)....A sweater set like no sweater set you've had before, left, lean and easy in the prettiest emerald-green wool: little sleeveless sweater-vest, buttoned and belted, and a short-sleeved cardigan. Put together with a pleated skirt of confetti-print crêpe. And a hat. This season, a hat is to a head what a sweater is to the body: soft, nonchalant, just bashed on. And smashing. Far left, in coral cotton, that kind of hat—pulls down, turns back, and puts the finish on every kind of day look this spring.

This page: Sweater-vest, about $30; cardigan, about $38; skirt, of viscose crêpe, about $120. Hat, opposite, about $55. All, mid-February at Saint Laurent Rive Gauche, New York; Kaufmann's; Sakowitz; Rive Gauche, Beverly Hills. Accessories, both pages, Saint Laurent.

Paris: advance report for today's women—

The modern pants expressions

of

Saint Laurent Rive Gauche

HELMUT NEWTON

Yves Saint Laurent takes the tailored jacket and softens it—cuts it just like a man's bathrobe....He takes pants—and cuts them a new wide way.... Saint Laurent's bathrobe wrap, left, of black wool gabardine piped in beige. Casual, comfortable, wrapped and tied over beige wool gabardine pants. Saint Laurent's terrific new pants, right: blazing white cotton duck, snug and smooth around the top, then flaring really wide to just past the ankle—they're sexy, feminine—and that flaring width means more women than ever can wear them. He shows them with a cotton duck shirt-smock jacket, navy wool sweater belted in white, and white duck hat pulled right down to the eyebrows.

Left: Jacket, about $168, pants, about $58. Jacket, right, about $72, sweater, about $42, pants, about $40. Mid-February at Saint Laurent Rive Gauche, New York, Kaufmann's; Sakowitz, Rive Gauche, Beverly Hills. Saint Laurent accessories.



A new LOOK at yourself

HAIR

A great haircut—that's what a great coif springs from now....What should it do? First, chop off draggy, below-shoulder ends once and for all. Swing hair free and clear of the shoulders. Give hair an upward movement, a lift—a natural, free look. Swing hair up and away to emphasize cheekbones, frame the face prettily. ...What's wanted is shape, fullness, movement—the opposite of lank, down-dragging streams. If body and hold are a problem, a good permanent (home or salon) should help....Bangs: Thick—and long enough to sweep back or sideways, to tie with a ribbon for a page-boy effect, or pull up with jeweled clips for evening....Hats: Not only possible, but a pleasure with one of the new easy-care coifs—its shape built in by good cutting. A flick of the brush brings it back in line, no matter how hatted it's been....Care, conditioning: All-important. Especially in winter, when cold winds, hot rooms dry out hair as well as skin. Cold weather whips up static in some heads of hair, too, which may cause management problems. The answer to all is extra conditioning, plus extra oiling—a soupçon of brilliantine or pomade rubbed into hair regularly. Extra washing, too—there's more soot and grime aloft in winter (more fuel combustion)....Use a good herbal or protein conditioner every other night or so, working it well into the roots. Wash out next morning with a pure, mild shampoo. Blow-dry, using the dryer at an angle to circulate air up through hair, give more lift and mobility; then use a sweeping downward motion to smooth hair like a bolt of satin. Back-comb a little for extra shape and swing....

GREAT CUT
GREAT SHAPE
GREAT COLOR

All, gloriously combined in the great coif, *opposite*....How it's cut, shaped, shined, described above. As for the color—a deep, true-to-life brown without a smidgen of red in it—it's one of eight new True Brunette shades by Clairol, made from a new formula that banishes brassy, reddish tones as long as the color itself lasts; keeps the brown just that—a lively, warm, true brown....

Cardigan in black wool and rayon, by Missoni; $55, at Bloomingdale's. Jewelry by Alexis Kirk. Coif (and the masterly cut) by Franklyn Welsh.

BEAUTY RESOLUTIONS

Resolved...to fight the "can't get started" syndrome. To start now on beauty-building new disciplines, routines.

To exercise regularly, in short periods—instead of long, wrenching ordeals now and then.

To reserve, firmly, regular periods for skin care...5 minutes P.M., to put skin to bed: thorough cleansing, rinsing, treatment cream....3 minutes A.M., to whip up circulation with a toner or mask, moisturize before makeup. Don't forget throat area....

To watch facial habits: frowning, squinting, looking grim, setting mouth or jaw...wrinkle-makers, all.

To discover all the foods that are delicious, nourishing, non-fattening.... Explore Vogue's Super Diet.... Think of wine as Europeans do: a food—and an aid to digestion.

To visit the following regularly: Doctor. Dentist. Podiatrist. Pedicurist. Skin-care salon, for a good facial clean-up and treatment. Hair salon—hair needs some expert attention and pampering, too.

To get more verve and bounce in hair color, makeup.... Try new makeup schemes; find the best colors and techniques for me.

To avoid stress, nervous tension, whenever possible (bad for health, skin, looks). To keep my mind exercised, open, flexible. To treasure good news...find new interests, diversions...welcome change. (You can't lick it. Join it.)

Makeup

Makeup for day, makeup for night ...they should be different as day and night, thinks Pablo, world-renowned makeup expert at Elizabeth Arden. Like a great painter, he's acutely sensitive to light—and its effects on the color and texture of a woman's skin. "You are forced to change your same face, because you're seen under different lights," he explains—walking first to a sunlit window, then to a shaded lamp, to make his point. To reflect daylight, daytime makeup should be warm, clear, glowing; "not oily—there's a big difference." See-through color, sheen and gleam do it. Lipstick in a tawny, peachy shade....And for night? "You have to make your own light in a dark room...you must be a night owl, with lips like a firefly." Pale foundation and powder for luminosity—"there are marvelous reasons to use powder at night." Lipstick, a clear, singing cyclamen-pink. Eyes, strongly made up—"lashes loaded with mascara; a great amount of eye shadow." Brows very fine, but present, distinct, to give form and design....A final Pablo-ism: "Eyes need more help than mouth, because mouth is always moving."

PENN

On following two pages: how Pablo makes up the same young beauty's face for day, for evening....All makeup, by Elizabeth Arden.

A.M.

A beautiful
face in the light
of day—as Pablo, makeup genius at Elizabeth Arden, does it now. Lots of glow,
gleam, radiance...clear, see-through colors in warm, tawny shades of apricot, peach. (Details, both faces, previous page)

PENN

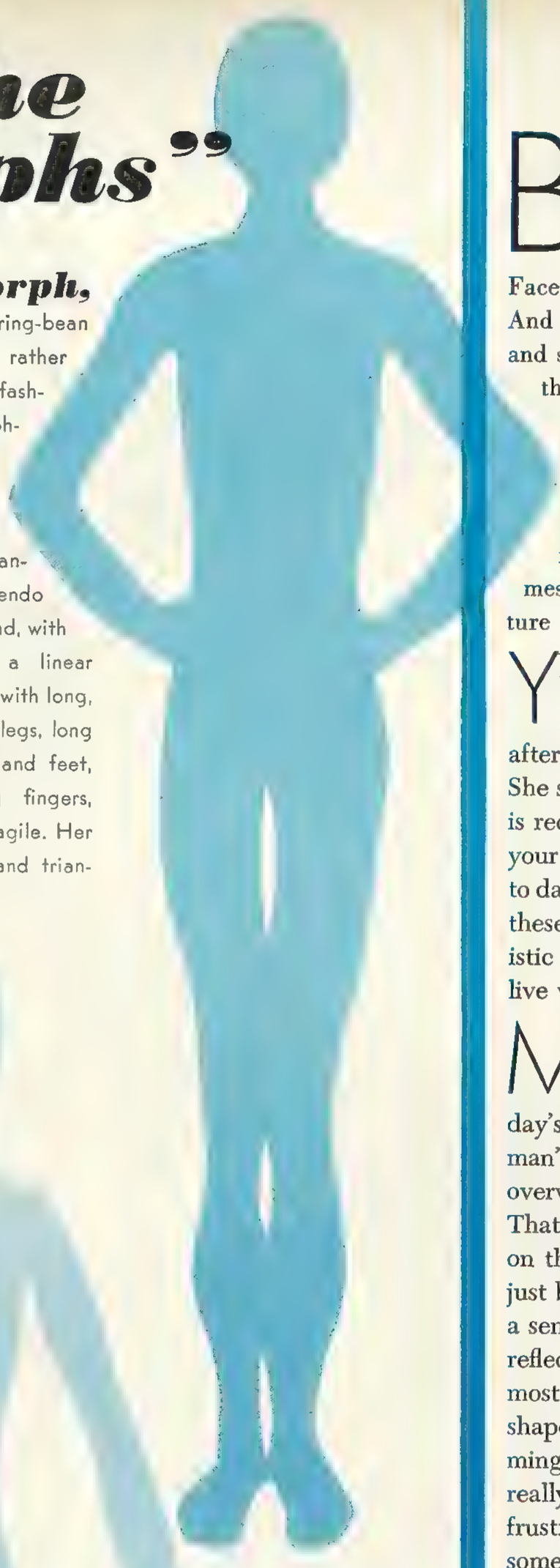
P.M.

The same face
in the light of night—
"it must be its own source of luminosity,"
said Pablo. He gives it a soft, cool, shimmery finish in pale porcelain, delicate rose... the eyes shadowy, smoky.

"the 'morphs"



ectomorph, below: The string-bean 'morph, until rather recently, the fashion-photographer's dreamgirl. In the extreme-girl, the ecto's as sharp and angular as the endo is soft and round, with narrow hips, a linear physique. Tall, with long, thin arms and legs, long narrow hands and feet, long tapering fingers, she may be fragile. Her face is small and triangular.



endomorph, above: She's the figure a Titian would love: soft, smooth, round; in the extreme, spherical to the shape of her head and face. Bosomy, hippy, curvy —no sharp corners anywhere. The endo's arms and legs are shorter and chubbier than the other two 'morphs, but she has slender wrists and ankles, small hands and feet. Pleasingly plump always, and apt, alas, to be overweight by middle age. And whatever her age, dieting is agony.

mesomorph, above: Idol of the flapper days, a good dose of meso tends to be today's ideal, too. A straighter, squarer figure than her two 'morph sisters, she's broader-shouldered, firm-bodied, with a flattish chest, slender waist, and boyish hips. Her extreme type is of medium height, with a strong, squared face, muscular build, relatively sturdy arms and legs. Strong and agile, she's probably a terrific tennis player—definitely athletic.

figure it out

BODY-TYPING TO HELP YOU IMPROVE YOUR BODY-IMAGE

Face figures. Your figure. In front of a full-length mirror, starkers. And see yourself as you are. Perhaps you *can't* be drastically changed, and should accept yourself for what you are—and *like* it. It's no news that body-types differ, but the three sketches at left represent one scientist's view of body types and may help you work on your own body-image. Dr. W. H. Sheldon's somatotyping (from the Greek *soma,* meaning body) found three structural categories that apply to men as well as women: the three 'morphs (Greek for type)—the plump, rounded endomorph; the strong, muscular mesomorph; and the lean, frail ectomorph. Every body is a mixture of the three, most with one type predominating.

You were born with your present basic figure pre-programmed by your genes, and there's no point trying to change that. No amount of stuffing or starving will do it—an endomorph, even after she's struggled to lose weight, won't turn into an ectomorph. She simply becomes a miserable, hungry endomorph. What will help is recognizing the 'morph you are, and changing your body-image—your attitude toward your physical self. There are lots of nifty ways to dazzle up your natural good looks (just turn ahead or back through these pages), but just as important is your personal, reasonable, realistic view of your physical self: a healthy body-image that you can live with and, when feasible, improve.

Men's preferences, happily, encompass all three 'morphs. So does fashion. Every 'morph has its day: endomorphs were the Victorians' rage; ectomorphs were practically yesterday; today's yen's toward mesomorph . . . but whatever the proclivity, one man's 'morph is another man's poison. Which is not to say if you're overweight, not to worry. Round-soft-and-cuddly doesn't read "fat." That's another story. Pinch test: squeeze the fold of skin you'll find on the back of your upper arm, on the side of the lower chest, or just below the shoulder blades. If you can pinch more than an inch, a sensible diet's in order. But check your mirror again. The problem reflected is perhaps a lack of muscle tone. In that case, exercise. The most beautiful body—whatever the type—is one that's in *its* best shape: fit, conditioned, toned. Active sports like tennis and swimming, done regularly, do wonders. Spot reducing, through exercise, really works. Point is to make the most of what you've got—without frustration, without making yourself ill, and without trying to attain some mythical ideal. Despite all the charts, there is no ideal weight for everyone. There's only a normal weight for your body type. Better get your body-image geared up for it.

Too many women, Americans especially, feel guilty for the wrong reasons. It makes sense to improve yourself *as* yourself—and no sense at all to try to change your basic bodily structure. If you want *The Truth About Weight Control,* read the new book by Dr. Neil Solomon, co-authored by Sally Sheppard, to be published by Stein & Day, late January. If you need exercises you can do effectively at home, the book's *Miss Craig's 21-Day Shape-Up Program.* But for heaven's sake—and mainly your own—don't expect your Sophia Loren figure to turn into Mia Farrow's, or vice versa. Chances are, neither of them would trade places for the world, and neither should you. Eat sensibly. Exercise sensibly. Keep yourself in top condition. And sane up your body-image. Accept *your* body for its own, unique beauty. After all, the 'morphs, the merrier.

Body-image: 'morphs that meet the eye

No body's the perfect somatotype. Every figure combines all three to a degree, the three sketched at left. At right, a beautiful mélange, with an ectomorph's height, narrow face, long fingers . . . an endomorph's full bosom and hips with a pretty curve . . . the strong, firm legs of the mesomorph. And everything fits nicely together. To appraise yourself, step right up: in front of a full-length mirror.



BERRY BERENSON

SKIRT TUNIC BRA PANTIES

TIGHTS

2 3

1 2 3

A package of fashion, please—the sensational new envelope dressing by Giorgio di Sant' Angelo

The biggest fashion news of the year, right here, right now in stores across the country. Everything you see on these two pages came out of one small envelope (shown folded, upper right). And it's everything you need from the inside out. What you have is the most modern way of dressing—fashion that works for you with all the freedom and ease in the world. You step up to a counter, buy the package, slip it in your pocket, and you can leave town with nothing more than a ticket. Giorgio has made it that simple....Far left: The envelope, unfurled—black satin with blue-and-turquoise print....**1.** From the skin side—turquoise-and-blue print bra and panties cut high on the leg to double as a bathing suit. ...**2.** Turquoise tights....**3.** Add the skirt—black with turquoise and print—a terrific look for sunny places....**4.** Nifty black shirt-tunic banded in print—fast over turquoise legs. ...**5.** All together—the skirt and tunic tied with its sash; now you're turned out for anything, anywhere.

4

The envelope and everything inside by Giorgio di Sant' Angelo. Bra and panties of Antron nylon and Lycra. Tights, of Antron nylon and Lycra. (Stevens-United elastic). Skirt, tunic, and sash in Nyesta of Antron nylon. Print by Gilbert Frank. About $225. At Bonwit Teller; Joseph Magnin. François of Kenneth coif. Accessory details, next to last page.

5

ACUPUNCTURE

IN CHINA, DOCTORS STAKE THEIR NATION'S MEDICAL REPUTATION ON THE POWER OF FINE METAL NEEDLES

BY AUDREY TOPPING WHO OBSERVED AND REPORTED ON THE TECHNIQUE IN CHINA

Acupuncture, the traditional Chinese medical practice of healing by needles, has been used in China for thousands of years. So what's new? Why all the excitement now? Why has this ancient art suddenly appeared in the limelight of the modern world? Recent spectacular discoveries by Chinese doctors involving the use of acupuncture, coupled with incredible but corroborating reports from Western observers who have watched the remarkable procedures firsthand, have catapulted acupuncture onto the front pages of American papers, raised many skeptical medical eyebrows, and stirred up controversy across the country.

What are these discoveries, and what is acupuncture anyway? The first question is easy to answer, the second impossible. To try to understand acupuncture from the Chinese point of view one must look at its origin and the complex philosophy behind it. First, here are some reasons for this renewed interest.

The new discoveries are the use of acupuncture needles as the sole anesthetic in major operations, including open-heart, gynecological, gastrectomy, laryngectomy, lung, brain, and dental surgery, and the application of acupuncture to cure deafness caused by certain childhood diseases.

Over 400,000 operations using acupuncture anesthesia have been performed in China. Eyewitness reports have provoked cries of outrage in the United States and the Western world. "Just rubbish," said the Australian Nobel Prize winner Sir John Eccles. "Acupuncture is a bit like counterirritation, with some hypnotic effect on very suggestible people but with no therapeutic value of itself." The neurosurgeon Robert J. White thinks acupuncture as an anesthetic doesn't make sense anatomically and its effectiveness "must be due to hypnotic suggestion." But the first two American scientists actually to witness an acupuncture operation in Peking called it "absolutely remarkable" and witnessed no evidence of hypnosis. Dr. Arthur W. Galston, a Yale University physiologist, and Dr. Ethan Signer, an M.I.T. geneticist, saw four major operations where the only anesthetic used was acupuncture needles. The patients remained fully conscious during the procedure. One woman, at her own request, was shown an ovarian cyst "as large as a baseball" immediately after it was removed from her body.

Dr. Galston told Seymour Topping of *The New York Times*, who was visiting China at the same time, that they had become convinced that there was much to learn from traditional Chinese medicine. "Like everyone else in the West," said Dr. Signer, "I was skeptical about the whole thing. That was until we saw the operations using only acupuncture as an anesthetic. As far as I could tell, there was no other means of anesthetic —the patients were conscious throughout and they were happy." Dr. Samuel Rosen, Clinical Emeritus Professor of Otology at the Mount Sinai School of Medicine in New York, and his wife Helen, who is also his assistant, were two of the most recent witnesses. They saw fifteen operations and returned convinced of the effectiveness of acupuncture and positive that no other drugs or anesthetic were introduced. They did point out, however, that fifty milligrams of Demerol, a tranquilizer in general use in the United States, were given before the operation.

In a Wuhan hospital, I witnessed open-heart surgery, which lasted two-and-a-half hours, performed on a thirty-three-year-old woman. We also saw a tumor removed from the throat of a fifty-four-year-old woman. The only anesthetic used in both cases was acupuncture needles. When the surgeon, Dr. Chu Yu-kuang, made the incision in the throat of the fully conscious woman, she never twitched, which is more than I can say for the observers. Seconds after he tied the last suture she sat up and ate mandarin orange sections. Then she rose unassisted from the operating table and, clutching her little red book of quotations from Mao Tse-tung, she thanked the surgeon and the two acupuncturists who had administered the anesthetic and walked out. On the way she waved and smiled at amazed observers. She was not even pale. But we were.

We witnessed the operations through observation domes while Professor Chu Fa-tzu, head of the surgical department, explained the procedures. The needles had been inserted into the nerve centers controlling the afflicted areas about twenty minutes before the operations began. The tumor patient had two needles in each wrist while the heart patient had an additional one in each forearm. Throughout the operations acupuncturists kept twisting the needles. The moment it was over they withdrew them. In some cases the needles are kept vibrating by a six-volt current of electricity. Professor Chu told us that the objective of the open-heart surgery was to enlarge the valve between the left auricle and the left ventricle. The well-lit operating room looked clean and modern. Except for the acupuncturists twisting their needles, it could have been any hospital in America. Blood, glucose, oxygen, and even Western-style anesthesia stood ready if needed and assistant doctors were constantly checking the patient's heartbeat and blood pressure on various machines. After the chest incision and the removal of a rib and some tissue, the rapidly beating heart was exposed. Gauze dipped in a Chinese herbal medicine was used to prevent bleeding. Oxygen was given after the opening of the chest and periodically thereafter. Professor Chu explained that the atmospheric pressure might make the patient feel unwell. The woman was fully conscious all the time and while the surgeon cupped her heart in his hand she drank some orange juice through a straw and smiled at the observers. We almost fainted.

If anesthesia through acupuncture is hard to believe, then a cure for deafness through acupuncture is even more incredible and more unique. After all, we have many methods of anesthesia, but most forms of deafness have been considered incurable. If the Chinese have made a breakthrough, there is a ray of hope for the deaf everywhere. The Chinese are convinced they have found a cure and have set up deaf-mute schools in every province of China. They warn, however, that the work is still in the experimental stages, that acupuncture only works in cases where the deafness was caused by certain diseases occurring in early childhood, and that long-range results are still unknown.

Western doctors remain skeptical. Dr. Bernard Straus, Professor of Medicine at the Mount Sinai School of Medicine, said he thought that "some Chinese physicians have been self-deluded, brainwashed by their own philosophies and propaganda."

There is no doubt that propaganda and Mao Tse-tung's philosophy have played a large part in the indomitable attitude that led to new discoveries. I visited Number Three School for Deaf-Mutes in Peking and Wang Chen-ying, a member of the school's propaganda team, explained the process of thinking that led to the discovery:

"Previously doctors said that deafness and dumbness were incurable, but the Red Army medical team has the view that nothing is incurable.

MYTH? CURE?

Mao teaches us that if we struggle only under favorable conditions the struggle and shaping of history would be too easy. We studied Mao's writing on contradictions. He says that in studying any process, if it has more than two contradictions, first find the main one; then proceed. Which is the main contradiction here? In analyses we learned that language is first received through the ears. In case histories we found that most deafness was caused in one- to three-year-olds as a result of a high fever, brain inflammation, or other diseases. This caused deafness and the vocal organs, although they were actually in good condition, degenerated from lack of use into a diseased state. Dumbness was often caused by deafness so this was the first contradiction. To solve this we must cure deafness. Chairman Mao says, 'If you want to know the taste of a pear you must eat it.' We tried needles on our own bodies to find the proper acupuncture points. We were healthy men and sometimes feared we would injure ourselves, but with Mao's thought, 'Everything for the people,' in mind we continued the experiments. After repeated trials, we discovered the acupuncture points that cured deafness. Now, after a year's treatment, 90 percent of the afflicted students have a certain capacity for hearing.

"The next contradiction," he went on, "is dumbness. After hearing is recovered, we teach speech. In little more than a year, of our 238 students, eleven have been completely cured and have gone into regular schools. We can thank Chairman Mao's teaching for this."

Miss Yeh Nu-hsu, a bright-eyed sixteen-year-old with long braids, was among the students. My husband and I spoke to her and she said in halting but clear Chinese, "Until one year and a half ago, I was deaf and mute. Now I can talk and even sing." She was obviously overjoyed by her newly found senses and was one of the better students.

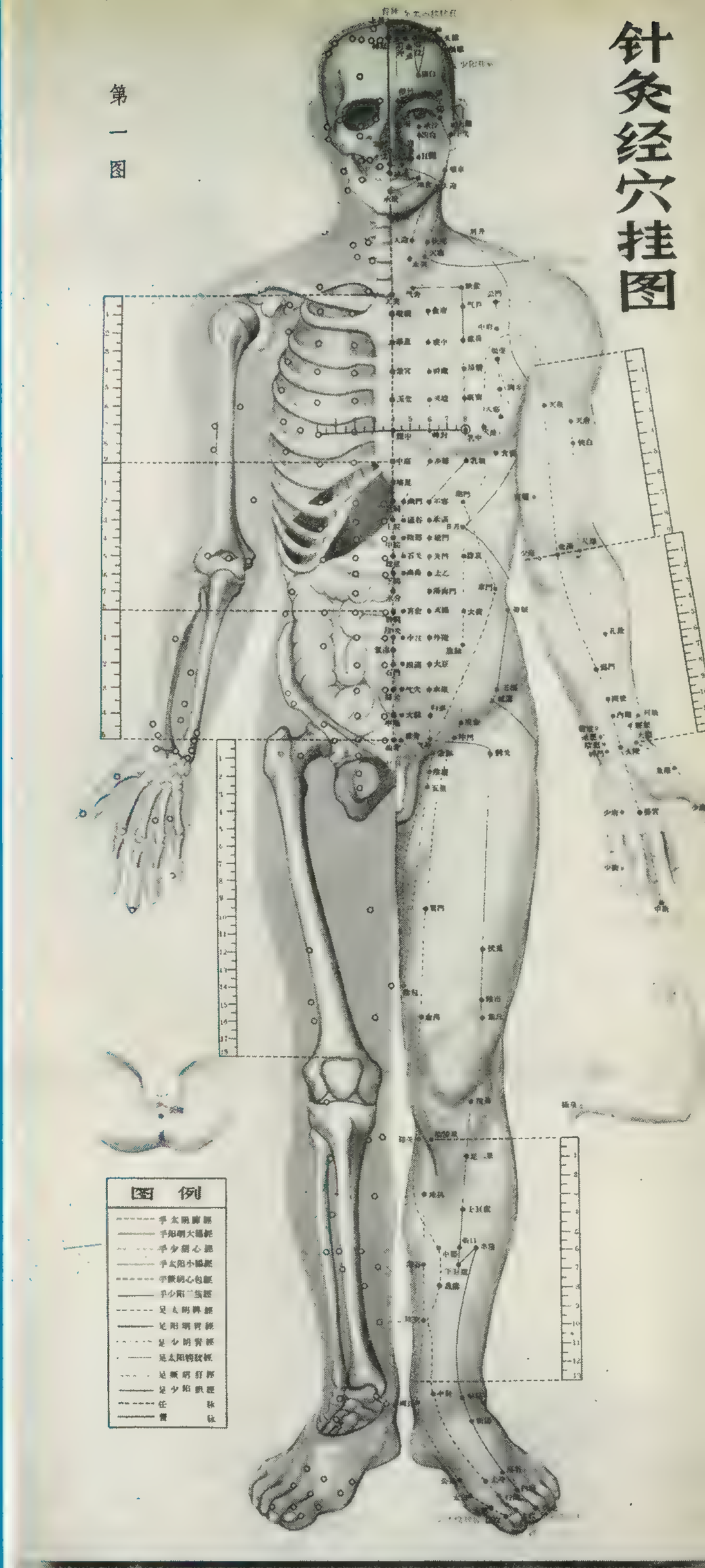
Dr. Fang Chou-suan, an army doctor, took us on a tour of the school where the teachers spoke warmly of the importance of encouraging each child individually.

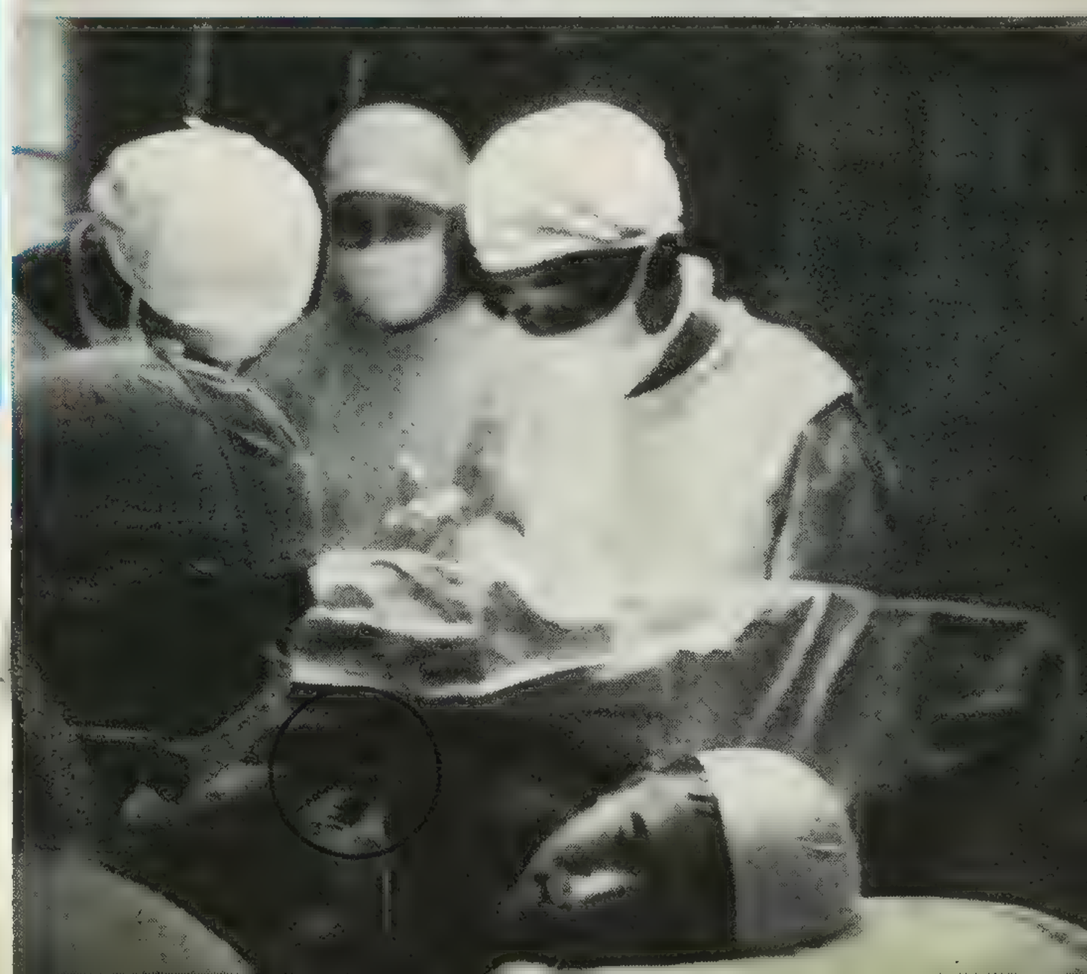
The classes divide into four main categories. First, classes for new students where finger language is used and charts explain the treatment in store for the children. The second category includes acupuncture treatments and tests hearing nerves for response. Third, students are taught the basic sounds; and, fourth, they are taught to speak in special language classes with mathematics, science, and history added in the latter two categories—students being encouraged to reply orally.

In the acupuncture room the teacher and an army medical aide insert long needles near the ears and into the arms of the children in what appears to be a painless procedure. The needle is twisted by hand until the nerve is stimulated and the child utters a small cry.

The students first undergo a ten-day course of treatment and then rest for seven days. For the first course there is a special set of points. Then a check of the progress report, and another set, depending on the results, is plotted for the second course.

"Acupuncture spurs the nerve system and adjusts the hearing nerve," Dr. Fang said. "We use several points. The acupuncture points near the ears have quick but temporary effects while the points farther away, as in the arms and hands, have a slower but permanent effect." Some students react quickly, show good results in six months, but most cases take about a year. Deafness caused by brain injury or inflammation is more difficult to deal with. The aim is to get the child to hear from a distance of three meters and to carry on until the hearing reaches twenty meters. Then acupuncture is stopped and concentration on teaching speech begins. The younger the student, the more effective the treatment, (Continued on page 115)





AN UP-TO-DATE ACUPUNCTURE CHART, right, above, one of the rare examples recently brought out of China by Audrey Topping, is used by Chinese doctors for reference in their treatment, both remedial and anesthetic, of patients. Right, below: During the removal of his right lung, a patient lies awake while an acupuncturist manipulates a needle in circle in his right shoulder. Acupuncture is homeopathic, based on the scheme of the I Ching, the ancient "Book of Changes," in which man's physical and psychological nature is seen in harmony with the universe. The origins of both the I Ching and acupuncture predate by centuries any formal Western practice of medicine.

PHOTO: THE NEW YORK TIMES/SALLY RESTON

this year's SUN dressing for this Year's Woman

What's new, what's pretty, what really works for you . . . 18 pages photographed by Helmut Newton on the island of Maui in Hawaii

Equipped with a clutch of the greatest sun-clothes going now —slick, new little shapes, starting with the linen-y white one opposite—you spot Maui from the plane. Know it by *its* slick little shape—like two patches of island stitched together; that's how it leaped, a few volcanic eons ago, from the sea. Leaving the plane, delight in the first sniff of air—incredibly clear, pure, perfume-bearing, announcing the presence of flowers and fragrant trees everywhere. City skin notices this air—in a day or so, it joins in the blooming. . . . And uncluttered air makes for spectacular views. Of the sea, dotted with little land-spots, from your hotel balcony. . . . Of fields of sugarcane and pineapple that look, from a sightseeing helicopter, like lacy embroidery. . . . Of the crater Haleakala, nearly two miles high, that gives the island an extra marvel—fascinating to the geologic or the adventurous who make the climb by a combination of wheels, hoofs, feet. (Within the crater's rim, so much space that Manhattan Island could be set inside, and the skyscrapers wouldn't stick out.) . . . Your ultimate reward, on Maui: Sunning on the heavenly beaches —at Kaanapali, for instance, where long, undisturbed stretches lead to superluxe hotels. And beauty, all around. . . .

cloud-white with leather and gold

Cleanest cut of a white dinner dress—tank top, long bias skirt, and new twists—sculpturings of brown leather, tipped with gold, making a belt, necklace, bracelet. Photographed at the Haleakala crater of Maui, 10,500 feet up, where remarkable cloud formations are part of the daily show.

Dress by Anne Klein, of rayon; about $90. At Altman's; Burdine's; Higbee's; The Denver; J.W. Robinson. Choker, bracelet, belt at Cartier. Coiffures, these Hawaiian pages, by François of Kenneth.





Flash of plaid... flirt of print

Coming up like thunder against the storm-lit hills of Maui, opposite page: the news of plaid seersucker to put a zing in summer wherever it's. (The two here, on a Maui sugar-cane plantation, making life twice as bright for Tim Morrow, owner of one of the Islands' most exquisite jade collections.)... Plaid seersucker cut out for late day and evening, for left, in sunny yellow and violet, very bare in back, slit up the sides... Seersucker by day, left—the snappiest little pants tailleur with a trim blazer plaided in orange, red, yellow, and violet, with a violet knit shirt underneath... When there's a man you want to feel very pretty for, this is the dress you want, right—pale, blowy garden-party flowers on sheer white georgette, ruffled at the edges and tied with a soft white kidskin sash. For left: Halter dress by Boutique Donald Brooks, of cotton and Dacron (Galey & Lord fabric). About $95. At Saks Fifth Avenue, Jacobson's, Michigan; Dayton's; Swanson's. *Left:* Pants suit by Kasper for J. L. Sport, of cotton and Dacron (Galey & Lord fabric). Blazer, about $75. Pants, about $42. Cotton shirt, about $28. At Altman's; Jordan Marsh, Boston; Kaufmann's. *Right:* Lilly Pulitzer nylon dress. About $85. Lord & Taylor; Hutzler's; Kaufmann's; Higbee's; Marshall Field. All accessories, next to last page.

HELMUT NEWTON





White knits—land, sea, and airborne

HELMUT NEWTON

Describing a good figure and a good tan: turtleneck maillot in ribbed off-white knit, left—the sweater to swim in (arriving at its natural destination via an island-hopper chopper, headed for the beach at Kaanapali, on Maui; Molokai island in the background)....First-class traveler: tank-top sweatery white knit, above—just enough dress to get around in the sun, any way you do it—by foot, car, or the Maui-bound chopper here.

Left: Wool maillot by Lil for Knap, about $55. At Henri Bendel. *Above:* Knit dress by Zerlina Juniors, of acrylic. About $40. At Bonwit Teller; Hudson's; Roos/Atkins. Choppers, both pages, from Hawaii Helicopters, piloted by George Jones. Accessory information, both pages, next to last page of this issue.

N578FH

The new Maillots— shaping up

Black knit and patches of bright crochet, left: a maillot with no visible means of support—for the figure that needs none (such as the self-supporting type here, chopper-hanging over the unchoppy waters off Maui). ...What standing on your head won't do for your figure, this maillot will: a sleeking, saddle-stitched stretch of brown, right, shaping up here in a natural gym—the beach of the Royal Lahaina Hotel, at Kaanapali, on Maui.

Beauty Prompter. Remember that every skin under the sun needs large doses of protection—and that's what you'll find in every bottle of Coppertone's Shade, with extra sunscreening, extra skin-soothing moisturizers.

Left: Maillot by Lil for Knap, of wool. About $55. At Henri Bendel. *Right:* Robby Len maillot, of stretch nylon. About $17. Gimbels, N.Y.; Sanger-Harris. Accessories, next to last page.

HELMUT NEWTON



Sweater dressing—new bareness

Strapless black sweater, right, with all the easy, good looks you want in a sweater plus all the allure of bareness. With a matching cardigan and printed slit skirt in rust, ivory, black—if you love to dress in separates, this will bring your resort life close to heaven (here, over 10,000 feet closer, at the edge of Maui's Haleakala Crater)....The most bareness, the most cover, left: black jersey bikini top, black cardigan, and rust pants—everything stitched, lined, buttoned in yellow—terrific look for the girl with a sense of adventure. (This bold spirit, inside Haleakala Crater, roping her way out.)

Right: Turnout by Adri for Clothes Circuit. Strapless sweater and cardigan, of acrylic. About $35. Cotton skirt, about $35. Late January at Altman's; Carson Pirie Scott; Stix, Baer & Fuller; J. W. Robinson. *Left:* Woolmark turnout by 499 Division of Kloss-Pruzan (Fablon wool jersey). About $125. At Bloomingdale's; Hutzler's; Burdine's. For accessory information, see the next to last page of this issue.

© HELMUT NEWTON

The print shirtdress, above, to wear for bright sunny days, soft balmy nights—any hour, anywhere it's summer: violet and white with a narrow sash, shirttail hem—summering here at the Royal Lahaina Hotel in Maui. ...A little apron-dress in pink-and-white striped seersucker, right, with crisscross straps in back—very fresh, clean way to get into your day—with the help of a good breakfast, a good book—and a good friend to set up the breezy little coif you want for life in any easy-going sun place, such as that at Maui's Royal Lahaina Hotel.

Above: Shirtdress by Beene Bag, of Dacron and cotton. About $32. Saks Fifth Avenue; Halle's-Cleveland. *Right:* Dress by Pat Ashley for John Meyer, of cotton (Russell Mills fabric). About $22. Available late January at Altman's; Stix, Baer & Fuller; J. W. Robinson

All in a long day's sun

Seersucker for swimmers, left, and for sometime hairdressers—nifty pink-and-white striped bikini with string ties on top. And its own cover—a long matching shirt, blue stripes on the yoke and cuffs—to put on when you've had enough sun (here, draped over the chair).... Plaid seersucker pinafore, above—ruffled yellow-and-black with a high bib front and its back to the sun—on its way to a Maui pineapple field.

Left: Seersucker cotton turnout by Pat Ashley for John Meyer (Russell Mills fabric). Bikini, about $16; shirt, about $26. Late January at Altman's; Stix, Baer & Fuller; J. W. Robinson. *Above:* Pinafore-dress by Oscar de la Renta Boutique, of cotton and Fortrel (Galey & Lord fabric). About $110. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Jacobson's, Michigan; Harzfeld's. Accessories, both pages, next to last page this issue.

HELMUT NEWTON

THIS YEAR'S SUN-DRESSING



Beach covers— All ways on sun days

Skin, when it's not immersed in such pleasant waters as those that lap the beach at Kaanapali, on Maui, wisely covers up in the sun...as here: An Ethiopian man's shirt, *above*—short white cotton, all slits and slashes—neat and easy on doggiest days (Charlie the Dane gets the message)....Amphibious stripes, *right*: a brown-and-white shirt-y maillot that swims like a fish—but is never a fish out of water (as demonstrated—entrancingly—here)....Two for the no-show (when enough's enough), *opposite page*: Long white wool jersey, *left*, piped like a man's dressing gown, to wrap and sash over a tiny navy bikini. Long white terry, *right*, to blot out the sun, blot up the sea. Beauty Prompter: Don't take one step sun-ward without the protection of a good moisturizing sunburn-screener—Alo Cosmetics' Fashion Tan wards off that over-cooked look while you tan; After Tan keeps the good work glowing.

Above: By Maxime de La Falaise for Blousecraft; about $52. End of February, Altman's; Higbee's. *Right*: Gottex of Israel; Antron nylon and Lycra. About $44. Altman's; Stix, Baer & Fuller. *Opposite, left*: Woolmark robe by Bill Tice for Royal, of Fablon; about $66. Bonwit Teller; Kaufmann's. Jantzen nylon bikini; about $20. At Bonwit Teller; J. W. Robinson. *Opposite, right*: Catalina robe; Orlon and Dacron. About $30. Altman's; Hudson's; Stix, Baer & Fuller; Titche's, Dallas; Liberty House, San Jose. Accessories, next to last page.

HELMUT NEWTON



Seal brown—great shapes to swim in



Bathing suits down to the bare bones—two little striplings, both dark brown here, for soaking up a brilliant sky's-worth of sun, or strolling along the four miles of Kaanapali beach, or testing one's strength at arm-wrestling. Winning, here? Both, we think.... A maillot, *left*, with straps crossed over the shoulders, a long stretch of bare spine, a V-neck in the front. *Right*, a bikini with pretty-shaped bra, adjustable ties at the sides of the pants. Beauty Prompter: When the suit is brief, the sun is strong—a good time to consider Irma Shorell's Protective Sun Creme. Guards against burning, helps to eliminate the possibility of strap-marks or patches of sunburn in strange places from cut-out bathing suits.

Left: Maillot by Monika for Elon, of Du Pont nylon and Lycra (Darlington Fabrics); about $25. Saks Fifth Avenue; Higbee's; Harzfeld's. *Right:* Bikini by Rose Marie Reid, of Antron nylon and Lycra (fabric by Beaunit); about $16. At Altman's; Burdine's; Sanger-Harris; J. W. Robinson. For accessory information, see next to last page this issue.

HELMUT NEWTON

Sun hits— small, bare, knitted

Off-island fun-dressing at its smallest and—perfectly acceptable for strolling in Lahaina-Luau (as we Mainers say), after a morning at Kaanapali beach. A little midriff top on the stroller, *far left*, tied at the bosom, short sleeves rolled shorter. With a mid-calf skirt that swings open from a small strip of buttons. Both, khaki cotton. A shirt like a dapper French baker's, *near left*—smocked at the shoulders, with long sleeves rolled up, buttons halfway down. This, and its short cuffed shorts, blue cotton. All, by Foxrun. Khaki outfit, left: top, $9; skirt, $16. Blue outfit: shirt, $14; shorts, $12. All, Altman's. Orange canvas bag, near left, by Samsonite, at Gimbels N.Y. Accessories, next to last page this issue.



Ripping down the runway of the Maui airport in a beach buggy, two little knitted action suits. (What matter if hair blows now—the hairdresser, François, is at the wheel.) Riding front, speedy stripes in various widths of navy and white acrylic knit, making a long top and separate shorts; a white shirt emerging at neck and sleeves. Holding the surfboard, a white ribbed jumpsuit of polyester knit with long front zipper, red ribbed belt.

Left: Striped knit outfit by Jaeger. Top, about $20; shorts, about $15. At Altman's; Marshall Field; I. Magnin. *Right:* Jumpsuit by Jantzen, of Dacron; fabric by Texfi West; about $24. At Altman's; Hutzler's; Stix, Baer & Fuller; Liberty House, San José. White canvas postman bag by Samsonite, at Gimbels N.Y.; J.W. Robinson.

HELMUT NEWTON

Observations: Bare

Look at these snapshots taken at the French Prêt-à-porter showings—even in trim, trig, pant sport looks like these, there's a new alluring sexiness of skin showing—necklines deeply V'd, shoulders showing, backs all there for the world to see.... Left Cacherel's top is just a bib in front held on by crisscross-y tapes in back.... Below Boutique Jap's navy-blue and white sweater lets lots of skin show.... These are just hints of what's to come—the clothes themselves will be in the stores beginning next month, the complete European ready-to-wear report coming in February 15....

QUICK FLASH FROM PARIS, FRANCE

ACUPUNCTURE

(Continued from page 95)

in most cases.

Western doctors point out that there is no absolute proof that these students have been cured, but audiograms showing hearing improvement have been shown to Western ear specialists, who are reluctant, however, to state positive results until at least three to four years of testing have been done. Westerners' cautious attitude does not perturb the Chinese. Instead, the practitioners of Western-style medicine in China are trying to combine modern methods with the ancient healing techniques of the doctors trained in traditional acupuncture and the use of herbal medicines. Acupuncture procedures are being used in all the modern hospitals in China, along with Western-style or modern medicines, and also in clinics connected to the communes, factories, re-education schools, universities, housing developments.

Seeking the historical and scientific basis of acupuncture, I visited hospitals and clinics in many parts of China including Peking, Shanghai, Nanking, Fancheng, Szechwan, Shenyang (formerly Mukden), Hangchow, and Yenan. I also visited two sanitariums, one in Anshan in the Northeast (Manchuria) and another in Sian in the Northwest, where they are using acupuncture in coordination with mineral baths and heat treatments to cure rheumatism, arthritis, stiff joints, and paralysis.

I learned that this ancient practice has been used in some form in China since 1000 B.C. to help kill pain and to cure such ailments as stomach cramps, arthritis, backaches, headaches, semi-paralysis, and a host of other afflictions. Although acupuncture needles are now sterilized and the process has been modernized, the basic principles and philosophy remain the same.

The basic philosophy, as explained first in the ancient medical books, is that health is dependent upon the balance and maintenance of harmony within the body. To obtain this balance there must be a free and unimpeded circulation of energy flowing through the body's organs. This life force runs along a complex network of invisible channels. The twelve main channels are called meridians. These meridians are divided into two elemental forces known as yin and yang.

Yin is feminine, the shady side of the hill, dark, cold, moist. Yang is masculine, the sunny side of the hill, bright, warm, dry. The interaction of these two forces must be kept in precise balance or disease will occur. The Chinese concept of the yin and yang energies may to some extent be compared with our theories of the functioning of the sympathetic and parasympathetic nervous systems.

Chinese traditional medicine is based on the belief that the blood circulation follows the flow of energy. This energy circulates freely from the main organs through the meridians beneath the skin in an endless cycle. If it is blocked at some point, the circulation is impaired. This blockage results in a deficient oxygenation of the tissues around the affected area and throws off the balance. The imbalance produces illness, not only of the blocked meridian but possibly of related organs as well.

The malfunctioning meridian is discovered by taking the pulse by the old Chinese method. According to Chinese traditional medicine there are twelve pulses, not one. In a male the pulse is taken in the left arm first, but in a female it is taken in the right arm first. If the pulse beats more than seventy times a minute, the affliction is regarded as yang in character; less than seventy times, it is yin. The superficial pulses, those closer to the surface, are connected to the yang organs while the deep pulses are said to connect with the yin organs. By intricate examination of these pulses the Chinese acupuncturists claim to be able to deduce which meridian, and thus which organ, is afflicted.

The aim of acupuncture is to break down the blockage and restore the free flow of the energy or life force through the meridians. This is achieved by inserting long needles into the specific acupuncture points beneath the skin which relate to the affected organ. The Chinese points of acupuncture are the points of impeded nerve impulses. New points are being discovered as the research in this field continues. The basic 365 points have never been changed, but some charts now have up to 800 points.

The insertion of the needle is painless; but when the point is reached, a slight prick or numb-

(Continued on page 116)

First-Time Douching vs. Norforms

(Or, the new doucher's dilemma)

11:02
Today's the first time you've ever douched to stop internal odor.

11:02
Instead, today you decide to try Norforms®, *The Internal Deodorant.*™

11:03
You read the directions for mixing the liquid. It's 3 pages long. They're kidding!

11:03
Just insert one tiny Norforms. So easy...and safe! No mess, no fuss, no mistakes to make.

11:07
Now you unwrap the douching apparatus. How ugly. Then you read *its* instructions. How awkward!

11:07
Doctor-tested Norforms quickly kill germs—stop odor. And unlike douches, they can be used as often as needed.

11:10
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ACUPUNCTURE

(Continued from page 115)

ness may be felt. Often the sensation of a small electric charge zings through the body. The needle is inserted in various depths up to two inches. In some cases results are felt immediately, in others it may take up to a year, and in some cases it may not work at all. This usually occurs if the disease has been going on for some time before treatment is applied and a variety of organs have been affected.

There seems to be no scientific logic in the Chinese philosophical explanation of acupuncture. Modern Chinese doctors tend to avoid expressing any fanciful theory and prefer to base their healing techniques on the results of hundreds of years of painstaking research and recorded clinical observation of the results. Empirical, they call it. Exactly how it works no one knows—as in the case of aspirin.

In spite of the anti-acupuncture views long expressed in prominent medical circles, acupuncture has been used to some degree in Britain, France, the Soviet Union, Germany, and Switzerland. Dr. Louis Moss, licentiate of the Royal College of Physicians in London, has been practicing acupuncture for years and in 1964 wrote a book, *Acupuncture and You,* about his technique with case histories of successful treatments for patients with rheumatoid or osteoarthritis. In France, it is officially recognized by the French National Health Service; and a new North American College of Acupuncture was established just seven months ago in Vancouver, British Columbia. Last November in Seattle, the University of Washington, in its student-run experimental college, added a course in acupuncture (four sections, two for students at the Medical School) covering history and method—with demonstrations—but not training practitioners.

Unfortunately, there has been a great deal of quackery involved with acupuncture in the past—among foreigners who have returned from China with a little knowledge and among the Chinese acupuncturists themselves who, before the Revolution, were working mainly for profit and exploited their ignorant and gullible patients who had no other doctors to turn to. But acupuncture has hung on for centuries in spite of this, and the Chinese in China today have no reason or opportunity to fake it.

Is acupuncture quackery? I would say no. But my opinion is not based on professional knowledge but on "seeing is believing" and on meager knowledge of the Chinese character. The Chinese have nothing to gain from deceit or exaggeration, much face to lose if proven wrong. They would never expose themselves to world ridicule by showing foreign doctors something that could obviously be proven wrong. There is no "absolute scientific proof" of the Chinese claims; but none of the observers, including doctors, have expressed the opinion, much less proven, that it is false. Those who have looked into the eyes of and talked to the former deaf-mutes have no doubts. Chinese are a frugal people; they would never go to the tremendous expense of establishing deaf-mute schools in every province of China unless they were sure it was worth it.

Many Western doctors argue that acupuncture is only successful in those ailments that are psychosomatic in origin. Certainly there is some truth in this; but the Chinese use acupuncture for animals, too. Every veterinarian is trained in acupuncture as well as in other methods of healing. They keep acupuncture charts of various farm animals on their walls. Either Chinese animals are subject to verbal suggestion or acupuncture works. Dr. Samuel Rosen wrote in *The New York Times* that during an acupuncture operation an observer asked whether Chairman Mao's thoughts might not have an autosuggestive effect on the patient. "Perhaps," the Chinese surgeon said, "but we have been producing the same effects in the rabbit and the cat, and as far as we know they have not been influenced by the thoughts of Chairman Mao." ▼

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Audrey Topping, a journalist and photographer, met her husband, Assistant Managing Editor of* The New York Times *Seymour Topping, in Nanking when her father, Ambassador Chester Ronning, was Chargé d'Affaires of the Canadian Embassy there during the late 'forties. Mrs. Topping has been a student of Chinese Affairs since her days at the University of Nanking; her account of her recent visit appears in Quadrangle Books' newly published anthology,* Report From Red China.

GLORIA EMERSON

(Continued from page 76)

pectedly. The maid, Thi-Ba, or Sister Number Three, smiles at such a good sign. In Saigon the sky always looks exhausted: it is either a sickly blue or grey. I ask Thi-Ba if the roaches in my apartment like to eat the raffia rug, but our French is not good enough to clear up such a question. She is accustomed now to my rushing in and out, and no longer says I am like a storm.

August 15 The idiocy of some American officials in Vietnam is stunning. There is an Ambassador, for example, the senior American in one of the Military Regions. He has written a memo suggesting a "1971 decathlon" between his team and other Americans in Vietnam who work for CORDS, the US Agency that dreamed up the pacification programs. He suggests competitions in "bridge, tennis, gin rummy, volley ball, nautical sports, Chinese chess, wine-tasting, and close harmony."

He is no more of a fool than many of them here.

August 28 The militant, anti-Government, anti-American university students in Saigon form strange, sometimes sickly groups that get nowhere. The students themselves do not always know much about the war in their own country. They hate the Americans but they have never seen what CBS television crews have filmed, the pictures in *Life* that Haeberle took at My Lai, the Vietcong prisoners of war being led like dogs on a leash, and they have not read the Pentagon Papers. This is a country where censorship exists at all levels. They know only what they hear has happened in one village—perhaps to their relatives. Of all of them, it is Nguyen Xam Lap, a twenty-eight-year-old pharmacist who ran in the lower house elections on August 23 but lost (the police jailed him during the campaign just to make sure he would lose), who knows how to lead. He admits "the army must be angry" before Thieu can be overthrown. He is a sad, pale, softspoken man from Phu Yen Province weighted by childhood memories of an older generation of men who fought, and beat, the French.

In Saigon there are small groups of students fire-bombing U.S. vehicles to get the Americans out so Thieu will collapse, like a balloon being stabbed. But the heroes are not they.

Lap talks quietly about his friends who left the University of Saigon to join the National Liberation Front. I wonder why he did not. It is a question an American can never ask.

"Instead of staying with this side to have good jobs after graduation they threw away everything for hardship and danger," he said, remembering these friends. "Putting aside politics or ideology, they must be considered as idealistic and patriotic. Even if their course is wrong, what they are doing is the beautiful wrong."

The beautiful wrong.

September 1 Saigon is malignant, with little corners of fake gaiety created by the whores and the drinkers and the doped. It is the noisiest city in the world. There are restaurants and air conditioning, hairdressers and bars, and a black market. Why is it so hard ever to be happy, or even to enjoy oneself? Perhaps Avedon [the photographer Richard Avedon] knew it right away when he was here last May. He said that all Americans here have "one terrible thing in common." It is that we are all using the Vietnamese for ourselves—to build a reputation, to advance a career, to satisfy a need, to draw attention to ourselves through them.

September 4 *At Freedom Hill, outside Danang.* The American troops are going, going, but not yet gone. To see them again here, ready for combat assault in some valley, is to think of an old film running backwards. Nancy [the photographer Nancy Moran, wife of *The New York Times* correspondent Iver Peterson] takes pictures of them: the grunts of Alpha, Bravo, Charlie, and Delta Companies of the 196th Infantry Brigade. The rusty color of their boots and the scars from boils on their arms and necks show they have been in the field before. Most of the men, waiting for the slicks to land, have taken off their shirts and sit in the sun, with their packs, their helmets, their C rations, their M-16 rifles, their machine guns and grenade launchers piled around them. I talk to a grunt who says he has an ulcer, to another who wistfully recalls his job in a San Francisco shop that made "custom drapes," and I eat the brownies sent to one boy from California.

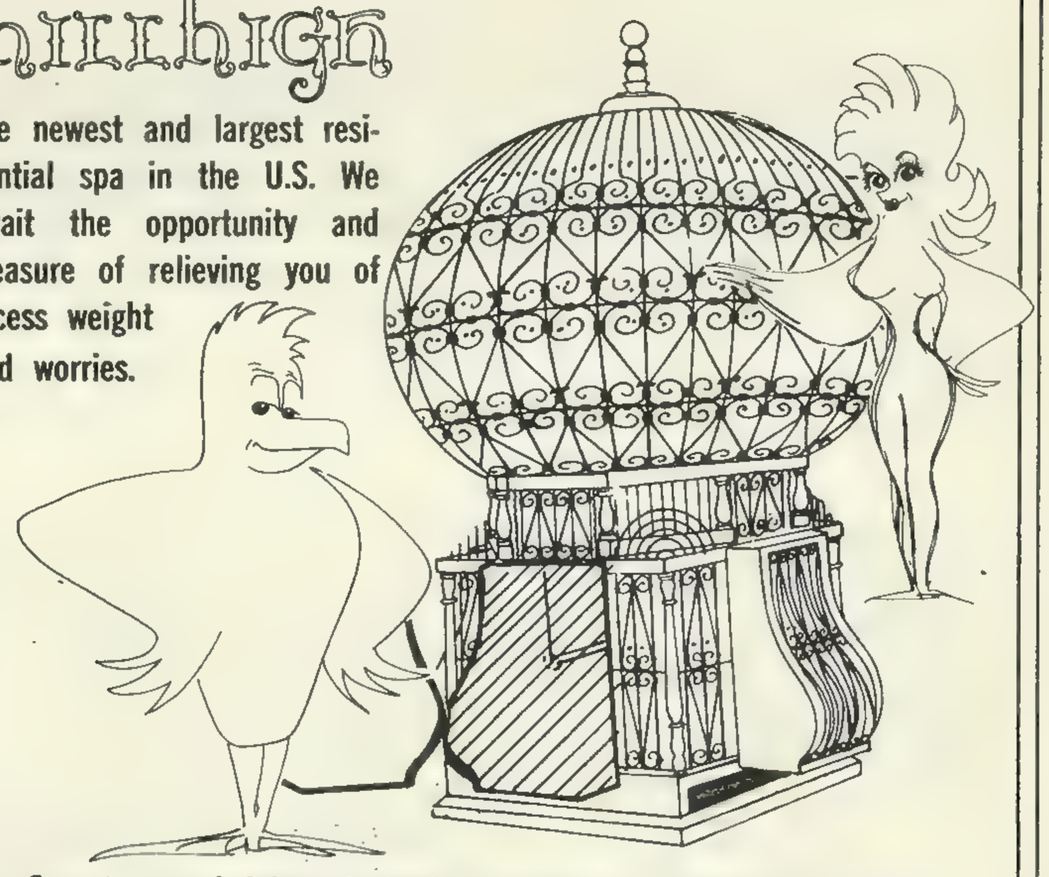
The men begin to load into the slicks. One man slips on the

(Continued on page 118)

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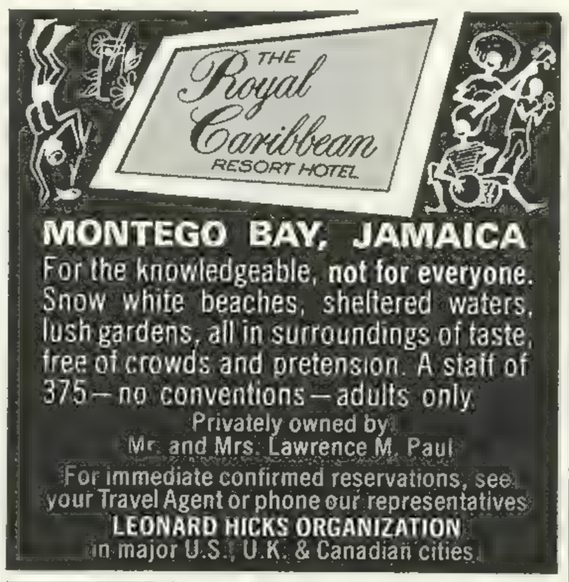
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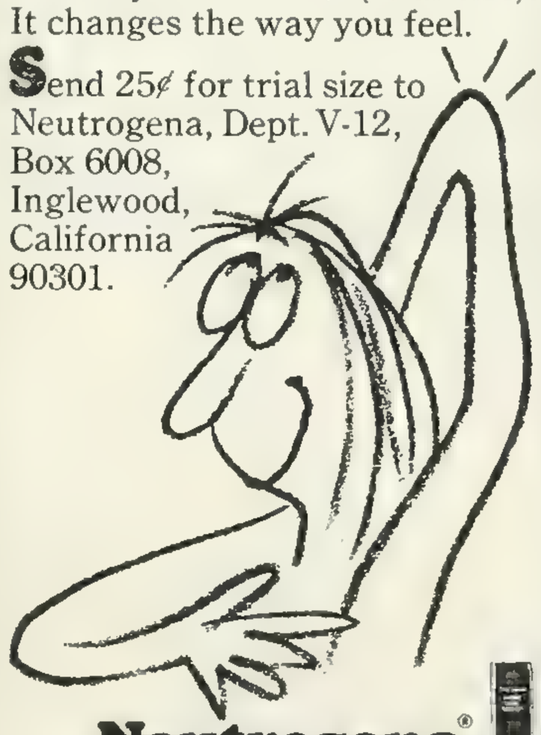
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GLORIA EMERSON

(Continued from page 117)

airstrip. Their packs are so heavy they lean forward like men with cramps. No one refuses to go, or says it is nonsense. This always astonishes me. I have the names of six women to write in the States. Mothers and wives.

September 15 I should like to sentence the men who symbolize the American policy in Vietnam to a year in Cong Hoa Hospital. It is the largest South Vietnamese military hospital. There are eighteen hundred beds, and more than three thousand patients.

The results of what Washington decides show here, where sons of Asian peasants lie in pain.

Nancy takes photographs of the unbelievable. One of the patients is twenty-seven-year-old Nguyen Pho who was hit by fragments of an enemy mortar in August. They ripped open his stomach and tore his intestines. The doctors at Cong Hoa have put an open plastic bag over his wounds so he can seep out more efficiently.

Inside that plastic bag there is a fly.

September 18 A group of deputies demonstrate on the steps of the National Assembly against the one-man presidential elections. The police, lavishly equipped by the Americans to crush any political demonstrations, fire their American tear gas grenades. Ngo Cong Duc, who was once a soccer champion, has a brief moment of brilliance, as he tries to kick back the grenades at the police before they explode. He looks like a frenzied dancer, all arms and legs and leaps. It is no good. The tear gas, a new kind called Spedeheat, made by the Federal Laboratories in Saltsburg, Pennsylvania, stabs the lungs, burns the eyes, and makes the skin on the face briefly burn and tingle. The deputies—and I run after them—seek refuge in the pretty garden restaurant of the Hotel Continental. But the police follow them in and photograph all of us on video tape. The Vietnamese sit there silently and sadly, not touching their cups of *café au lait*, facing the camera as though it were a court. Madame Ngo Ba Thanh, the vivacious forty-year-old lawyer who will not give up insisting that the war is useless and criminal, is arrested again. She was just released from jail a few days ago. When the police surround her in the street, a younger Vietnamese woman puts her arms around Mrs. Thanh to protect and comfort her. Mrs. Thanh is crying. It is not the tear gas that makes her cry. She goes back to jail. It is the expected penalty for any Vietnamese who raises his voice to say "stop it."

September 22 A GI who prefers heroin to marijuana explains why to Henry Aronson, a lawyer who heads the Lawyers Military Defense Committee here, which provides civilian counsel to the GIs facing courts-martial. "Grass is loud," the soldier says.

David [a friend at Harvard University after three years in Vietnam] writes me from Cambridge that he has had "a winter of a summer." He promises to send me D. H. Lawrence's *Studies in Classic American Literature*. There is advice:

"Although you have been partial to the Vietnamese, you must become whole here towards the end, and to be whole in Vietnam is to write about the Americans, too. Write carefully, tenderly about the Major Joneses, too." He means the lifers, or career officers.

September 24 A fifty-one-year-old Vietnamese housewife, Mrs. Tran Thi Bach, tells us why she burned her voting card and will not go to the polls to vote for or against President Thieu on October 3. She insists he will win regardless of how the people vote—the same refrain we hear in so many places. The woman has had real trouble. Four of her five sons smashed by the war, she says. One is missing. Another is a deserter hiding from the police. The eldest was wounded and she cannot bear now to look at his face. The second son has gone mad. It happened two years ago after his unit was in heavy fighting. He came home and could only weep and try to hold her hand. She took him to Cong Hoa Hospital, for she didn't know what his illness was nor how to help him. He was put in the mental wards.

"I went to see him but there were three rows of barbed wire between us," she said. "All I could do was wave and wave when I saw him. There were many other women standing in line to wave at someone, too. When my son saw me, he just shouted, 'Mother!' "

She does not break down.

September 30 I visit the children in the C.O.R. house. There are six paraplegics. Hoa, the Vietnamese social worker who is married to our American stringer Tom Fox, is always calm and unsad. She does not permit herself the luxury of showing strain. The children speak the English they learned in California hospitals where the Committee of Responsibility sent them for medical care. Most of the C.O.R. children were wounded by American infantrymen on operations, usually in Quang Ngai Province. Lao—the youngest paraplegic—reads the comic strips in *Stars and Stripes*. Bach An, the oldest, who was shot by soldiers of the Americal Division in 1968, has done a new painting in batik. It shows this strange solemn little family with their crutches. He calls it the War Children.

What is the good of rage?

October 3 A solemn, sunny day in a strangely quiet city that usually clatters on a Sunday. The combat police, the bored-looking soldiers, the barbed wire are in case of Vietcong attack or terrorism. Luong and I go to several polls and watch the Vietnamese vote. It does not take them long, for they have only one man on the ballot, President Thieu. No one minds our watching. I wonder what the reaction would be if a Vietnamese delegation ever turned up in New York or Minneapolis or Baltimore to observe if voting procedures were being followed correctly in those cities. All the Vietnamese officials in the polling stations are very polite—they are so used to foreigners snooping on them. One pretty young teacher gives me a bag of sugar-cane cubes to suck.

It was an old man sitting in a village repair shop for Honda motorcycles who said to me: "Living under this sky, you do what they tell you to do."

October 5 On my terrace, late at night, Henry Kamm [a *New York Times* correspondent] and I think we hear the B-52 bombings in Tay Ninh near the Cambodian border. The windows of the apartment rattle a little. There is no sound like this sound. I am suddenly reminded of a remark made last year by an intense young American lieutenant who is a career officer, a lifer, as the young draftees call them. His name was Altman.

"Maybe the war in Nam hasn't worked out the way we thought, but we have certainly developed a superior weapons system," he said.

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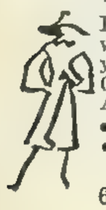
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SPOTLIGHT: **books**

LOVE MATCH of *PLEASURES:* eating and reading

***Sensual delights and outrageous people in* Among Friends, *a memoir by* M.F.K. Fisher**

BY JEAN STAFFORD

This memoir of M.F.K. Fisher, *Among Friends* (Alfred A. Knopf), is a needle in the arm filled with nectar and ichor, and distillations of irony and wondrous corn and sassy razzmatazz and tempered temper tantrums and tolerance.

The friends of the title are of two kinds, initialed in upper and lower case; for Mrs. Fisher was reared in Whittier, California, a stronghold of Quakers. Mrs. Fisher —whose parents were Episcopalians and whose Irish grandmother, often in residence, was a Campbellite— grew up in a discrete ghetto. "I was never asked inside a Friend's house, in the more than forty years I lived in Whittier," she writes. Her classmates were Friends; her friends were her plump, philoprogenitive, and Anglophiliac mother; her tall, lean father, Rex; her sister Anne; and the children who came later, Norah and David. There were other kin and a good many kith; and Mary Frances Kennedy accepted the Friends' tribalism, their territorial imperative as facts of life like measles or politics. "Some of them were sanctimonious bastards. Some were truly gentle and fine, almost worthy of my parents."

Her parents originated in Iowa, but she was born in 1908 in Albion, Michigan, where her father was the editor and co-owner of the newspaper. And then, at the age of four, she was transplanted to strange, exotic California, where she still lives.

A succession of cooks presided in the Kennedy kitchen while Mrs. Kennedy, often ill, often pregnant, lay upstairs reading English novelists. Mary Frances learned to cook because she loved to eat; and, indeed, she equates the enjoyment of food with love. She was the enthusiastic deputy for the cook on her day off: "It made me feel... powerful, and that is possibly the truest reason for my continuing preoccupation with the art of eating.... I soon discovered... that almost anybody smiles... if a little girl, or even a jaded old one, can turn out good scrambled eggs and a commendable oyster stew.... That was my way to show that I was there *too*... and perhaps it still is."

Fragrances (and fetors) rise from every page, and the palate is cherished (by steamed mussels or a perfect flan) or insulted ("... Boiled dressing on watery lettuce"). And every page has colors as beautiful as the eyes of peacocks' tail feathers, as subtle as the flanks of a praying mantis, as flamboyant as fire; or they may be, on the other hand, as ugly as a deliquescent toadstool or the slime on stagnant ponds where the anopheles prosper. In *Among Friends,* there are sounds to break the heart with joy: the calliope in a one-ring circus, the spontaneous singing of people who cannot keep a sudden happiness to themselves. And awful noises: upright Grandmother Holbrook felt it her bounden duty to belch publicly if her Lord God ordained a belch.

Reading was as habitual as eating. Her family had sets (*The Waverley Novels,* Bulwer-Lytton, and Disraeli) and copies of *Sesame and Lilies* and *The Decline and Fall* and a *Webster's Unabridged.* "One of the best-known of our modern seers, Marshall McLuhan," M.F.K. Fisher writes (Goody!), "said... that with the first use of movable type for print... there happened 'the separation of the senses, of functions, of operations, of states emotional and political, as well as of tasks.' I think I know what he meant. I prefer, though... to feel that with my own discovery of the printed word I came into focus. I had no need to know how to read, in order to tell sound from taste, and sitting on a toilet from walking on a path, and love from lies.... But from the minute I could read, I was not 'separated' but whole.... Perhaps separating everything is what makes it possible to put it all together again?"

One of the outrageous angels in Mary Frances's life was a titular Aunt Gwen. She was a conspirator to Mary Frances and her sister Anne. When the three went for a beach ramble, they took along fried-egg sandwiches. The eggs were fried in drippings! And that's not all: so was the bread! The children had two pockets on their safari habits, one to hold two fried-egg sandwiches wrapped in waxed paper, the other one for lizards and shells and sundries of land and sea. What larkiness! What wisdom in the wild trio!

M.F.K. Fisher, by writing the real thing, is the real thing. Or, because she is the real thing, she writes the real thing. I remember my childhood as I read her memories: I was the youngest (she the oldest) of four and born in Southern California. We share a zodiacal tenement—I was born on July 1, she on July 3; though I am junior by a few years. We Staffords lived on a ranch; and my father, a former newspaperman and a writer of Western stories, had a walnut grove. We had a Model T (so did the Kennedys) and a Reo (so did they); we had sets of Dickens and Balzac, and *Sesame and Lilies;* and I avidly read the *Britannica* and *Webster's Unabridged.* My mother worshipped Tennyson; my father must have read the historical plays of Shakespeare about a million times.

There is, though, one great difference: she was happy and fearless and I was unhappy and afraid. It occurs to me that one reason was that I did not like to eat. The only thing I ever really craved was raw potatoes heavily salted. And then that sole delight was taken from me when my Uncle Will Airy told me that he had once had a horse that had died of a surfeit of raw potatoes.

I envy Mrs. Fisher because she lives so well, and I envy her because she writes so well. Right now I am *famished,* and I am going downstairs and make a fried-egg sandwich and have some raw potatoes on the side. Maybe then, with some honest grub sticking to my ribs, I can become a passable writer. ▼

HOME BIRTH

(Continued from page 72)

As I am gathering quickly all these essentials, Mati wakes up, moaning something about picking out another night. He is tired and not ready for birth labor. My head is dazed, but my body feels very strong: "Mati, please sleep, I don't need help yet."

It's odd, I know it must be "the day" and I can't help feeling it's all a dream. Is it time already? So suddenly? Contractions come like waves, sometimes a gentle roll and at other times an enormous rush of energy bursting at the body boundaries. The vibrant colors of Mati's painting in front of me open up into rotating depths—dimensions in space—doors of a mental-physical harmonious team, letting through a new force. Brightness forever on the baby's consciousness!

As I try to breathe the way I was taught, in the psychoprophylactic method, I slowly discover my own rhythm: deeper, slower, inhaling and exhaling. In between I doze off, resting, dreaming, shaking loose.

The deep spring-cleaning of my body is over

Rid of food and liquid through every body orifice. As after an extended fast, there is a great feeling of lightness. Once again the natural body processing proves to take care of itself, with the benefit of faith.

Doors are opening, hush, murmurs, dawn is on, daylight brings relief of the night's dark corners. Brightness everywhere on a birth day. Little knocks on the bathroom door: my friend Barbara with an offering of chamomile tea and Mati softly smiling coming to hold my hand. They want to call the doctor; I think it's too early; they telephone anyway. Mati is massaging my back. I don't have to tell him where, he senses it. Handstrokes, riding over inside tensions with their strength and warmth. The doctor, gentle and friendly, steps into the bathroom.

"How is it?"

"Good, crazy, shaky, incredible."

The baby is slowly entering the labyrinth!

The bathroom is getting too small. It's cool in the house. I put on the purple cotton T-shirt and white woolly socks. The long-sleeved T-shirt barely covering my bottom (perfect for delivery) is loose and smooth against the skin. (So important! The feel and touch of familiar clothes—if there

have to be any—during a major body mutation.) In the large room I walk through on the way to the bedroom the friends—Barbara, Michael, Ramona, and Reno—and David, the doctor, are all sitting close around the big table, speaking low. The preparation is over. I feel the baby coming.

Birth! What a ceremony

I probably would have turned pale grey, having the baby at home in New York; but here in the space and clearness of Santa Fe it is a joyous feast. Encouraging friends all around, completely in tune with each of my explosions. They are coming quickly now. I either am sitting or kneeling on the bed, which is a mattress on the floor. Mati grips me, vibrating, shaking the baby out from the back. Like a chant, my voice turns to music, inhaling, breathing out faster, to a pitch. Sounds of birth-raga. Barbara sits beside me, breathing to a concentrated rhythm, bringing me back to it whenever I go too fast. Michael is taking photographs, Ramona is holding Noah (Barbara's baby). I ask Reno to get the movie camera and the gun light. The doctor is sitting on the floor and I am opposite him at the edge of the bed, held tight by Mati's legs. The rumble inside is so strong, I jump up a few times and start walking out of the door—not pain—bursts of emotion, incredibly intense sensations of the body being turned inside out....How sweet to see warm, friendly, surprised faces and colors all around the room, rather than starched hospital white. Instead of anesthetic: music, sun, air. Instead of nurses: friends who have experienced a similar adventure. Barbara (twenty years old), who also had her son at home three months ago, has tears in her eyes.

All inhibitions about my body are gone

There is no shame, only an overwhelming openness. Being totally at ease with myself. Becoming easy, as never before.

I ask the doctor if I can put my feet up on his shoulders. How he was able to perform that way remains a mystery.

"Hold it, hold it, hold....O.K., now push that little baby out of you!"

Pushing, laughing, puffing, joking, panting. Squashing, and pulling on Mati's hands with unknown force. My whole being impatiently expels the new life.

10:54 A.M. The sun is flowing inside the bedroom, blasting with vital rays a new head

Push—episiotomy incision, with my consent. Totally painless, the perineum is numbed by the baby's pressure. Push—the top of the head is out to the mouth and already: screams. A reality sound, voice rendering concrete a long-awaited child. What a blessing to be a woman! What a magical gift! I cannot remember a more extraordinary burst of happiness in my whole life. Rapidly the rest of the tiny body slips out. Alive in front of us—a long and thin little person, moonstone color, kicking and yelling, still circuited to me by a pale-blue umbilical cord. Thank you!

"How is it?"

"Good, forceful, supernatural."

After removing the mucus from the baby's mouth and nose, David, the doctor, places on my stomach the baby, still covered with vernix, sucking at my breast avidly. He then asks Mati to cut the cord.

"Please do it, David," I ask; for I have quick visions of falling into bottomless depth, if Mati moves away from me one inch. One more push, the placenta, like a glorious piece of food, exits in one large mound. Reno, after filming every moment of the actual birth, takes the placenta to bury it in the garden, planting a new tree on top. Local anesthetic injection. Three stitches.

Mati totaly exhilarated, still holding me from the back, asks after awhile: "What sex is it?"

I had completely forgotten to look. "A girl!"

He beams, Mati loves to be surrounded by women.

David-doctor tells me to get up. I glide around the house with baby Serafine in my arms. I can see my smile reflected on everyone—it goes from head to toe. They are wordless but not soundless: "Wows," "Phews." Tears and laughter. We have all witnessed the most real and sacred of ceremonies—the rites of life.

I have what I have given ▼

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ACCESSORIES

Cover: Earrings by Di Vera-Danecraft. Scarf by Herman Schmidt & Brendle.

Page 38: Willie Woo cuff links. Doro scarf. K.J.L. pin. Napier rings. Vanity Fair tights. Christian Dior sandals.

Page 51: Pendants by Elsa Peretti, at Halston Ltd.

Page 52: Onik Designs golden chain, at Bergdorf Goodman. Jade-and-coral necklace and gold chain with coral-white-and-turquoise tassel by Marguerite Stix: Cartier.

Page 53: Crescendoe-Superb cap, at Bloomingdale's.

Page 54: Mr. John beret. Silver pendant by Pat Cummings for Genesis. Wooden disc and chain by Celia Sebiri, at Henri Bendel. Herbert Levine shoes, at Bonwit Teller.

Page 55: Renauld glasses. Jewelry Marguerite Stix: Cartier.

Page 56: Disc choker by Elsa Peretti for Halston Ltd., at Bloomingdale's. Shirt, pants, and Elsa Peretti cuffs: at Halston Ltd. El Greco shoes.

Page 57: Disc on thong by Michael Moraux by Dubaux. Sash, and Elsa Peretti buckle and ring, at Halston Ltd.

Page 58: Vision Unlimited glasses. Lederer shoulderbag. Belt and key ring by Elsa Peretti for Halston Ltd., at Bloomingdale's. Cuff and ring by Elsa Peretti, to order at Halston Ltd.

Page 59: Sandals by Beth's Bootery, at Saks Fifth Avenue.

Page 60: Herbert Levine Oxfords, at Bonwit Teller.

Page 61: Adolfo hat, at Saks Fifth Avenue. Glentex scarf.

Page 62: Buckle at Joia. Yves Saint Laurent bracelets. Julianelli shoes.

Page 63: Emily Wetherby head wrap. Buckle at Hanae Mori Boutique. Bangle by Donald Stannard. Vanity Fair tights. David Evins shoes.

Page 79: Echo scarf. Crescendoe-Superb gloves.

Page 80 (center): Pappagallo shoes.

Page 80 (right): Shoes by Herbert Levine.

Page 92-93: Val Ramirez cap. Wide bangles by Oscar de la Renta. Narrow bangles by Bergère. Sandals by The Whip, Rome.

Page 98 (left): Hat, to order at Halston Ltd. Bracelets by Catherine T. Noll for Fabrice, at Henri Bendel. Golo shoes.

Page 98 (right): Earrings by Charles Elkaim. Elegant belt. Golo shoes.

Page 99: Hat at Halston Ltd. Elegant sash. Shoes by Tony the Shoemaker for Bonwit Teller.

Page 100: Necklace and bangle by Catherine T. Noll, for Fabrice, at Henri Bendel.

Page 101: Bangles by Catherine T. Noll for Fabrice, at Henri Bendel. K.J.L. necklace. Gamma watch.

Page 103: Raoul Calabro cuff.

Page 104: Elsa Peretti collar at Halston Ltd. Charles Jourdan sandals.

Page 106 (upper left): Sandals by Julianelli.

Page 106 (center): Rings by Catherine T. Noll for Fabrice, at Henri Bendel.

Page 107 (upper right): El Greco clogs.

Page 108 (above): Mr. John hat. Necklace by Cadoro for Kenneth.

Page 109 (right): Necklaces used as belt by K.J.L.

Page 110-111: Emily Wetherby head wraps. Elsa Peretti buckles at Halston Ltd.

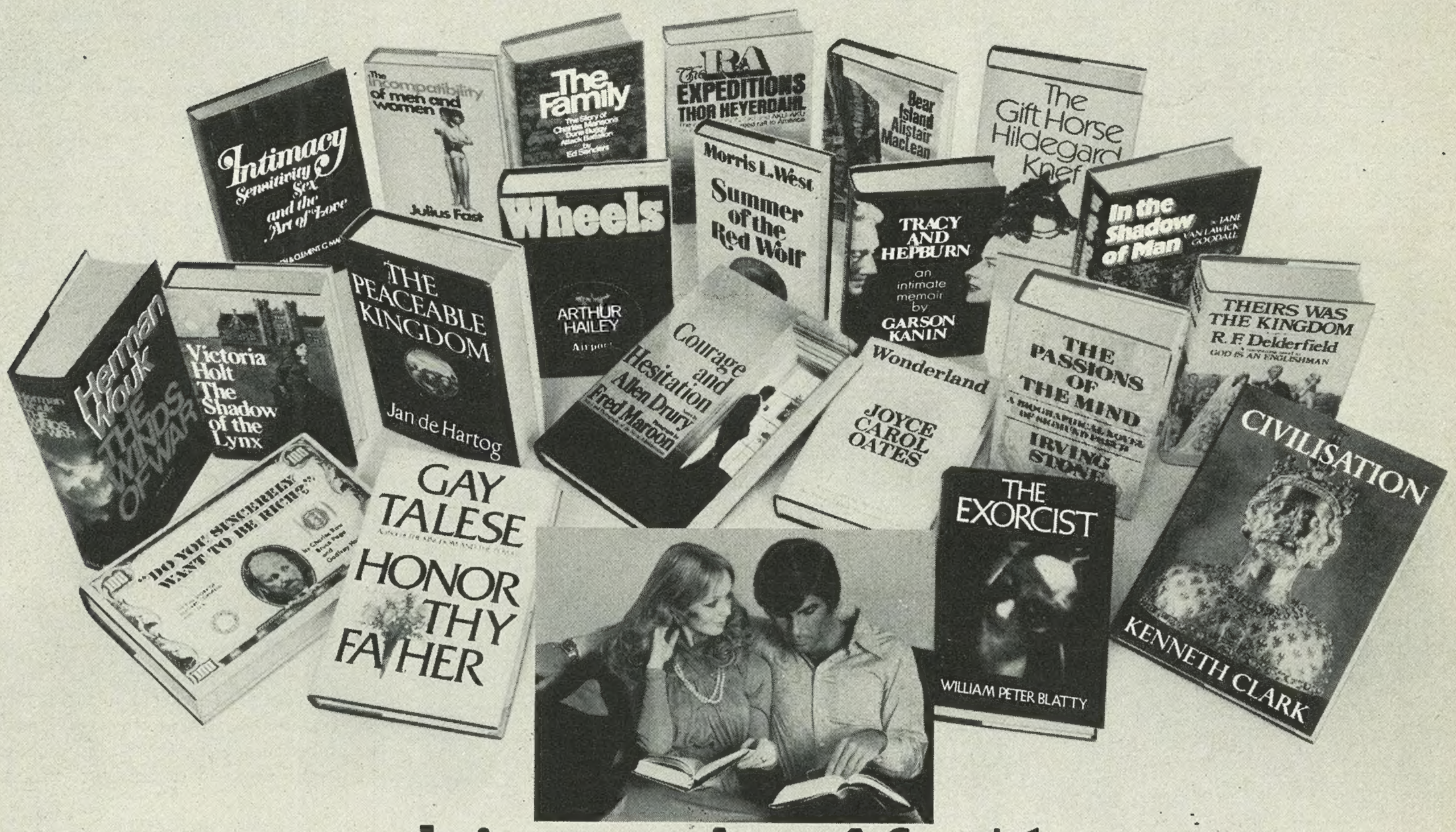
Page 112 (above left): Straw bag at La Tienda Boutique. Bernardo sandals.

Page 112 (above right): Charles Jourdan sandals.

Page 112 (far right): Jaeger shirt.

Page 113: Vera belt.

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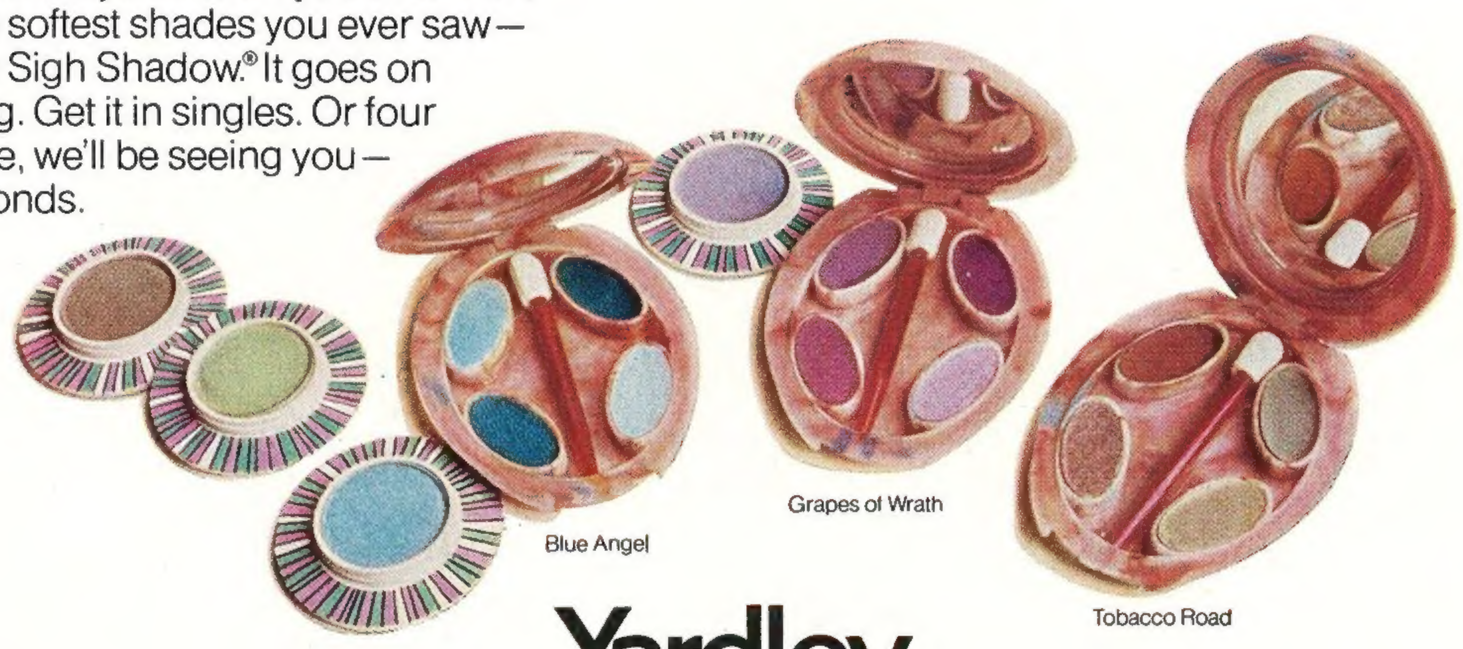


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